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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

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RESERVED POWER.

BY GEORGE PUTNAM, D. D.

I have seen the young man who had stored himself with the intellectual qualifications necessary for a reputable life, with good intentions, generous impulses, honorable sentiments, with intelligence, and agreeable manners and an active spirit; he thought himself prepared for all that lay before him, equipped for a creditable, successful, self-governing career, and for as much virtue as would be requisite for safety and good repute in the world. So he stepped forth with confidence and alacrity upon the theatre of life.

By and bye, of course, there came a stress upon his principles, a draft upon his moral resources, that he had not anticipated. Dangerous associates drew their wily and invisible nets about him. Pleasure plied him first gently and then stormily with its enchantments. New influences drew him by degrees from his industry, his fidelity, his probity. Confidence slipped mysteriously away from him. Evil predictions were whispered of him by the sagacious. The aims of life became gradually lowered in him, and the flame of good aspirations burned lower and lower. A reckless aspect stealthily came over him, that indescribable but unmistakable look. He fell away from his good endeavors, and his lamp went out, in a prodigal and worthless life, in the slough of indolence, and sensuality and moral enervation. There was a fatal deficiency at the outset,—and it was sure to go out.

I have seen the maiden, who resembled her foolish prototypes in the parable. She entered upon life gaily. Her confidence was in her beauty, her taste, her accomplishments, her intellectual quickness, her social attractiveness, her social position and connections, and in such store of romantic sentiments and fine toned sensibilities as might easily pass, for a time, for religious affinities and a semi-moral enthusiasm. By and bye the real cares and duties of life came. The illusions of youth passed away as they must.—Accomplishments lost their charm, and beauty its lustre. The realities of life grew commonplace, as they always do. Life is not what it seemed in her young dream. Romance flies from the domestic hearth. Suffering and sorrow come, and the stern trial of her strength and patience. Emotion, sweet before, grows acrid now. Sentiment turns into fretfulness, and enthusiasm to discontent and disappointment.—Duty is burdensome, and home is insipid, and its ties a bondage, and society a mockery. All this bitter falling off is cloaked to the common eye under the show of good appearances, but the feeling of it is more intense for that. Her life is a failure—her lamp has gone out; and well it might go out—well it might—every page of Scripture and every lesson of human experience predicted that it would.

I have seen a man, who at the outset designed to be only prudent, industrious and enterprising, turn at length into a sordid miser, his soul smothered under his gains, his heart eaten up by the cankerous touch of his own gold, and the whole man, body and soul, bound hand and foot, a helpless slave to the goods of this world; no, not its goods, but to the mocking shadow of its goods. His lamp has gone out; and how could it but go out, with such shallow outfit as he started with!

I have seen the man who had too much conscience to set out with the purpose to deceive and swindle,—he meant only to be shrewder, and more vigilant than others. But in the drive of business, and amid growing excitements and larger baits, honesty faltered, and conscience grew accommodating, and opportunity more inviting. Integrity slipped away little by little, he knows not when or how, and now his whole heart is false, his whole character unstrung and demoralized. His lamp has gone out and no wonder; as well might a pasteboard ship breast the surging waves of the sea.

So all around us, in every sphere of life, lamp after lamp goes out in moral stench and darkness. And why? Of necessity and of course, for lack of oil, upon the same principle that any human purposes fail, that depend on forethought and accumulated resources and reserved power, as character does, more essentially, more universally than any thing else.

And now one inquiry more and I have done. Whence shall we derive those needful resources and that reserved strength, which are sure to be wanted? I answer, from among the moral elements of the soul and the spiritual influences of religion,—in early and vigorous self-culture, and that uplifting, sanctifying spirit that comes from God through Christ.

Brethren, in your worldly self sufficiency, your sense of prudence and sagacity, and far-seeing policy in your respect for an orderly and decent life, in your confidence in your intellectual and providential resources of a worldly nature and accidental origin, you may imagine that the influences of religion are superfluous,—well to talk about, proper to be recommended, and very good for some persons to attend to,—but superfluous for you. You know what you are about! Your character is in your own safe keeping!—Your morality is provided for, in your own wisdom and right impulses and good judgment!—Those higher influences are superfluous to you! you say.

But I tell you no. God provides no superfluous resources for his creatures. It is not for an idle and unintelligible purpose that he calls on us, and all of us, to drink from that living fountain which He has opened; to draw nigh to Him, and bind ourselves to Him, in firm faith and filial piety and earnest prayer and steadfast allegiance: to catch the solemn and inspiring airs that breathe upon the soul from the eternal world; to take hold of the Savior's hand, and be lifted up to see what true righteousness is, how great and lofty and commanding a thing it is; to stock the conscience and the heart with those great motives that are of a spiritual origin;—it is not for a vain or unmeaning purpose; but to give strength, to furnish principles, to inspire high aims, to sustain the fainting wings of the soul, to multiply its resources, to prepare you for emergencies, for the freshet and the storm, and the invisible wear of small daily trial and temptation;—and when those opportunities come, of which every man has now and then one, to act nobly, to practice shining virtues, to make heroic sacrifices and reveal the treasures of goodness that a soul can hold,—when these come, to make you seize them eagerly and use them fully.—Yes, we want those influences in all their abundance, and with their utmost power,—we, the highest and the lowest, the wisest and the foolishest of us—to put oil in our vessels. In the heyday of youth, or the pride of manhood, when we seem to want them least, then we want them most. Self-confidence and self-satisfaction are the signs of a growing weakness and a coming destitution.

O, believe it, there is not one religious capability in the soul, there is not one truth or sentiment or precept or subject of faith or ground of hope or fear expressed in the gospel of Christ, but we need to take it in, and feel the whole force and compass of it, and all the enlargement and elevation and moral impulse and moral power that it can give. In these lie our resources and our reserved power—the oil in our vessels, that we must have,—and all experience and all analogy show we must, or the lamp of virtue and of hope go out, when the bridegroom cometh.

[Religious Magazine.

STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

To search the Scriptures ought to be not our task, but our delight. We should acquaint our eyes with the scenery of the gospel, and ever love to sit at the feet of the Evangelists and the Apostles. Their voices will then be sweet to our ears, and we shall feel the sensations which Milton ascribes to Adam, while conversing with the angel in Paradise:

> "While I sit with thee I seem in Heaven,
> And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
> Than fruits of palm-tree (pleasantest to thirst
> And hunger both, from labor) at the hour
> Of sweet repast. They satiate, and soon fill,
> Tho' pleasant: but thy words with grace divine
> Imbued, bring to the sweetness no satiety."

The world itself will bloom into a garden, when our hours of meditation are blessed by these sacred visitors.

In all his studies, it was the earnest desire of Coleridge to receive more light, in a wider vision from the word of God. The history of the learned, in every country and age, records the melancholy results of searching the Scriptures in any other spirit; their divine influence is deadened by the absence of faith, and the healing power of the gospel cures no moral sickness, nor works any miracle in the mind, because of its unbelief.

The understanding may, indeed, be convinced while the practice is unreformed; and the intellect may triumph while the heart is unsubdued. Davidson has assigned a reason for this calamity. "The mind," he says, "is wearied before it is satisfied, and the spirit of action is gone, before the theory of it is settled."

Nor is it less dangerous to search the Scriptures with a desire of shaping their teaching to our own scheme of argument, or to our own interpretation of the doctrines they deliver. Archbishop Whately has illustrated this frame of mind with aptness and grace. He observes, that if we study the pages of the Bible under the influence of those prejudices, which are the characteristics of our erring nature, we shall receive the heavenly light of God's revelations, through a discolored medium, and that the rays will impart an unnatural tint to every object on which they may be shed. Let us remember this caution, together with that our first homily impresses upon every Christian.

In searching the Bible, we are not to be satisfied with quickness, or facility in recollecting or applying its histories or its admonitions. The sincere and earnest student is known by his purified heart, and by his altered life; by decreasing in pride, in wrath, in covetousness; by growing daily in virtuous inclinations, in holy desires, and in devotion towards him who commanded his disciples to search the Scriptures, and who will send his illuminating Spirit to all who ask him.

ENGLISH JOURNALISM.

A new order has been called into existence, or rather has grown into importance. With the cultivation of the national intellect, has increased the power of those who communicate with it on national subjects. The newspaper has become something greater than the vehicle of news. The newspaper writer is far superior to the old hack commentator on trite events, or the wholesale dealer in party scandal. The experience of the last four years has shown that 'leading articles' fleed not necessarily be heavy, or abusive, or personal. We now know that they may be written with salient piquancy, sportive humor, and even argumentative eloquence. It would be possible to refer to articles in our principal journals which have displayed learning without pedantry, and the graces of composition without the appearance of labor. This, in a literary point of view, shows a great improvement on the journalism of our ancestors. But the literary part of the subject is the least important. The social and the political consequences of such an advance are immeasurably more momentous than the graces of style and the beauties of writing. But grave though they be, we fear that they are too generally overlooked by those to whose hands we would see the government of this country committed, and whose influence we would preserve over the minds and fortunes of the people. It is the nature of the Conservative party in all countries to be indifferent where it should be jealous, and indolent where it ought to be active. Suspicion is aroused too late when a new foe has come into the field, and energy is out of place when the enemy has gained confidence and strength. Knowledge is power. Opinion is power. But greater power is exercised by those who diffuse knowledge or build up opinion. And yet they who are the creators of public opinion, and the diffusers of political knowledge, hold a position which is deemed equivocal by the arbiters of social etiquette, and viewed with jealousy, mixed with a simulated contempt, by the leaders of political factions.

This is not as it should be. Nor can it be so long. Journalism has, by a combination of events, been raised to the rank of a profession. By a concurrence of conspiring circumstances, it has gained influence over the hearts and intellects of the people. It has drafted into its ranks education, information, and ability. It has exhibited earnestness, eloquence, and brilliance. It has altogether fulfilled its mission with dignity and integrity. It has used power beneficially where it might have abused it. It has remonstrated with factious license and popular passion, where it might have ministered to the one and pandered to the other. It has rarely forgotten the great interests of the country, or the duties of the legislature. It has spoken out fearlessly against oppression, against cruelty, against cant. It has been, in almost every instance, truly national. On a recent occasion, it has displayed a singular union of strong English feeling with the love of peace and the desire of reconciliation. Of course, we now speak of the more unbiassed and influential journals—of journals too long established to compromise their character, and too wealthy to prostitute their functions. That there are others of less character, of less circulation, also of less principle, we admit. We admit, also, that their forfeiture of principle and advocacy of wrong became almost indispensable to the increase of their circulation, and the augmentation of their influence. But this very admission is an argument in favor of that which we are urging, the necessity of giving to journalists a recognised position in the social and political scale. It is an *argumentum ad hominem*, addressed to men who dream not of the motives which sway their fellow-men. It is an *argumentum ad timorem*, addressed to those who never move until they are frightened into motion. If power so great as that which newspapers possess can be exercised over the masses by the less distinguished writers,—if satire devoid of point, if scurrility without humor, if buffoonery without wit, and scandal divested of truth, can exasperate sluggishness into wrath, indifference into indignation, apathy into partizanship,—if they can give a tone, and a color, and a direction to the thoughts, passions, and creeds of many thousands amongst the partially-educated and the easily-influenced of our countrymen,—what, think you, would be the effect of the same disposition, and the same endeavors adorned with more garish qualities, inspired with a subtler sophistry, and guided by a definite and uniform purpose! Let it be borne in mind that now we sail

"On the smooth surface of a summer sea:"

the elements of popular disturbance are at rest; the clouds of political difficulties have sunk below the horizon. But when a new crisis arises—when distress broods over our large towns—when want and stagnation darken the homesteads of our wealth, then the power of the press for evil may be found to be as great as it has hitherto been for good. It is difficult to prevent men from seizing an opportunity which may exalt themselves. It is almost impossible to prevent the gratification of a passion which is at once composed of unsatisfied ambition and mortified egotism. As long as there are ready writers and anxious readers, so long will the former devote their energy and their talent to vindicating an unrecognised position, and avenging an undeserved stigma.

But our friends say, "We must trust to the honor and the justice of the press, as well as of every other profession." How ungenerous is the reply! A body of men are first ostracised from a state in which they are most powerful, and then required to fulfil every moral duty under the sun. They are expected to discharge their functions with unswerving faith and unaltered ability; but they are expected to sit down in unrepining and unrelieved obscurity. They are to interpret between the senate and the people—they are to illustrate complex arguments by a graceful and felicitous composition—they are to make the difficult easy, and the dry amusing—they are not unfrequently to furnish arguments for those who, in Parliament, propose or resist great measures of legislation; and, after discharging all these duties with fidelity and talent, they are to be merged in the obscurity of the anonymous, where they are not punished by the infamy of notoriety. "They manage these things better in France." But they have had a fearful lesson. "I am going to punish a young writer for a libel on the court," said D'Argenson to Madame de Barri. "Don't be a fool," was the reply of the shrewd mistress: "if he is clever, take him into your service; if he is stupid, take no notice of him." "I wish," was the penitent remark of a terrified Loyalist to Madame Roland, "I wish that we had enlisted on our side some of those terrible pens and mouths that have raised this storm against us!" The causes of the second have confirmed the inferences to which the first revolution might have led any but the most pervese and stubborn minds. The journalist in France has a station which is recognised, because it is impossible not to recognise the workings of his talents, and the operations of his intellect. But the French journalist often exercises a fatal and pernicious power. We, as a nation, have had reason to complain of partial statements, inflammatory doctrines, and sectarian jealousy. The French journalist addresses men of quick feelings, not of sober judgment. He seeks to excite and to please, not to convince or to conciliate. Instead of assuaging, he provokes evil passions; instead of consulting the interests, he ministers to the prejudices of his countrymen. But the French journalist is in the best society. He is flattered by the homage of the rich, and the attention of the fair. His name is known in all political circles with advantage; in his own, with fame and honor. He is sometimes a peer, always a celebrity. His violence is described as zeal, his asperity as eloquence, his encouragement of war as nationality. But to his English compeer, who neither condescends to vulgar abuse, nor deals in the fermentation of wretched prejudice, there is no place assigned in the social circle. . . . .

But injustice of this kind cannot long continue. The evil will right itself ere long. The increased communication between different countries—the natural sympathy between literary men of every nation—the mutual yearning of intelligent and ardent minds in every quarter of Europe—preclude the notion that they who give spirit and direction to the English press can long be merged in an inglorious obscurity. The French papers have for many years done justice to the temper and talent of our leading journals—already the American press pays homage to a spirit, of which itself unfortunately has too small a share—the leading weekly and daily papers of England are perused with attention in Prussia, in Switzerland, in Spain, and even in Italy. They are quoted; they are praised; they are censured; but they are always respected. But the men whose sentiments are thus effecting a slow but certain revolution in the mind of continental Europe—and whose calm tone wins admiration from the diplomatists of rival nations—are condemned to hear their vocation depreciated at home, and denied the fruits even of legitimate approbation. Can such an antagonism between the fact of power and its recognition continue long! Is it possible that the interpreters of opinion between great and powerful nations shall always be respected in every other land except their own! Or that their claims to the thanks of their countrymen shall be acknowledged only in periods of political convulsion or international discord, to be forgotten again as soon as the storm has passed away, and men's minds are at rest! We hold this to be impossible. Every day that diffuses intelligence over Europe, increases the number of men who watch the opinions of journalists with interest, and criticise their writings with skill. Sooner or later, therefore, the popular judgment of other countries must react upon that of England. [Abridged from Fraser's Magazine for December.

JOHN RANDOLPH ON SLAVERY.

A few years before the death of Mr. Randolph, he was one morning, during the session of Congress, walking from his lodgings in Washington to the Capitol, in order to take his seat in the House. It so happened, that as he passed along the Pennsylvania avenue, he fell into company with Edward Stabler, an eminent minister in the Society of Friends, with whom he was acquainted. As they were passing along the street, they met a wagon, in which were crowded a number of colored women and children, followed by twenty or thirty colored men handcuffed and chained together, and guarded by two armed white men on horseback. This spectacle, coming as it did, suddenly before them, produced a strong sensation in them both, and they involuntarily stopped until the whole had passed, without a word being spoken by either of them. After a short pause, Edward Stabler remarked:—"This is indeed a shocking spectacle—to be exhibited here, almost under the shadow of the Capitol of the United States! We profess to be the advocates of equal rights, and claim to be the first people in the world, and yet we here see before us a number of our fellow-men, without having committed any breach of the laws, or being charged with any offence whatever, chained like condemned criminals, and driven under the very eyes of the national legislature now in session, like beasts to market!—The nations of Europe have their several ministers and representatives here, who will witness this scene, and who, probably, will make it known to their respective governments. What must people of other nations think of us, when they will learn that in the face of all our boasting professions about liberty, we permit the most odious tyranny and cruel oppression to be openly practiced upon millions of our people with impunity!" Randolph remained silent for a minute, and then said with emphasis:—"Sir, I do not care what Europe, or what the people of any other country may think or say of us—this is of no consequence, and I wholly disregard it."—He then in a subdued tone, and with much earnestness, added—"But when I reflect upon what God Almighty may think of us, I confess to you that I tremble for my country!" [Baltimore Visiter.

THE TWO SPRINGS.

A FABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

Two springs which issued from the same mountain began their course together; one of them took her way in a silent and gentle flowing stream, while the other rushed along with a noisy and rapid current. "Sister," said the latter, "at the rate you move, you will probably be dried up before you advance much farther; whereas, for myself, I shall probably become navagable within two or three hundred furlongs, and, after distributing commerce and wealth wherever I flow, I shall majestically proceed to pay my tribute to the ocean. So farewell, and patiently submit yourself to your fate." Her quiet sister made no reply; but, calmly descended to the meadow below, and patiently proceeding on her way, she increased her strength by numberless little rills, which she collected in her progress, till at length, she was enable to rise into a considerable river: while the proud stream, who had the vanity to depend solely upon her own sufficiency, continued a shallow brook; and was glad, at last, to be helped forward, by throwing herself into the arms of her despised sister.

CHURCH MILITANT.

While Israel marched through the wilderness, the blackest night had a pillar of fire, and the brightest day a pillar of cloud. So, in this world, things never go so well with God's Israel, but they have still something to groan under; nor so ill, but they have still comfort to be thankful for. In the Church Militant, as in the ark of old, there are both a rod and a pot of manna. [Arrowsmith.

Christianity did not come from heaven to be the amusement of an idle hour, to be the food of mere imagination; to be "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and playeth well upon an instrument." No; it is intended to be the guide, the companion of all our hours: it is intended to be a serious occupation of our existence. [Bp. Jebb.

WRITE IT IN GOLD.

The great comprehensive truths, says Pres. Quincy, written in letters of living light on every page of our history, are these: Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom, none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge, has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion.

A LEGITIMATE CURSE.

Mr. Burleigh, the editor of the Hartford "Charter Oak," in a recent account of a "trip to the Bay State," makes the following statement in reference to Blandford:

"There have been in Blandford, since the incorporation of the town, thirty-eight taverners. Of these, three died of delirium temens—seven became intemperate—one died in the poor house—eighteen lost all their property—seventeen did not improve their pecuniary condition by the business—three only acquired property—four were cursed with intemperate wives—twenty-five sons, and four daughters, became intemperate!

DR. VAUGHAN ON GEOLOGY AND THE BIBLE.

At the annual meeting of the Manchester Geological Society, the following beautiful address was delivered by the Rev. Robert Vaughan, LL. D., Principal of the Lancashire Independent College, on his health being given by the Chairman, James Heywood, Esq., F. R. S. We are indebted for this excellent report to the *Manchester Guardian*.

"It is no more than we are accustomed to expect from science, that it should have disposed men to cultivate what are termed the courtesies of life; for science ought to give refinement, and to awaken in man a new feeling in the intelligent intercourse he may hold with his fellowmen. I feel that I owe my place with you today to the feeling which science has generated. It has brought me into the midst of a company of gentlemen to whom I am unknown; but I am here purely upon the assumption that the subjects which are interesting to your party are not uninteresting to me; and that though hitherto unknown to each other, here we may meet and recognize a tie of brotherhood. (Applause.) With respect to the science of geology, in common perhaps with some other, in particular connection with whom I stand, there have been seasons in my history when I was disposed to look upon it with considerable misgivings. I am free, however, to confess, and indeed very happy to confess, that the longer I live, the more I feel interested in it, because of what it is, and because of what it tends to. Even in the little smattering of knowledge I possess in respect to it, I must confess that I have found new sources of interest opened to me, in the contemplation of nature, of which I was before unconscious, and that even the very stone that I see a man breaking on the road, to give a pass to cart-wheels, has something of poetry in it when looked at geologically—(hear)—a look of vast antiquity, that element of the sublime inseparable from the thought of long duration; for it is older than the present generation; older than the present race, or probably than all the past races on our globe. (Hear.) There is a vastness of antiquity in that very pebble, that gives to it an interest which otherwise it could not possess. And I know of nothing more sublime, than to stand on the summit of some lofty mountain, and be able to trace there the effects generated by the mighty flood, as it made its way from the forces of nature up to that summit, and again ran down the sides of that mountain; and to conceive all the mighty masses of stata heaving below the forces once in action there. I have thought of all these things till I could have wished to have been like a spirit floating in air, and looking down on those tremendouous convulsions of nature, which have been one of the sublimest spectacles that the human eye could ever rest upon. And by geology we can trace the progress of these things; we can make out the history of those enormous masses of that long past time. Then when I look at geology, and give full credit, as I do, to the report which the geologists make of the remote dates of these strata and this granite, I take my stand at this point, from which I date the commencement of man's existence, and instead of having reached a point beyond which every thing is blank, I reach only the threshold, upon which to look out upon the mighty changes that have been evolving for myriads of years before. (Hear.) There is to me a poetry and a grandeur in the works of Deity, when I look upon them as stretching out after this manner, and measuring spaces of time upon a scale so wonderful. And then all this seems to me to be perfectly in harmony with what we know from other sources relative to that great nature with whose presence and agency we associate all these things. Of that nature we may say, that being the nature that has eternity at its disposal, it can afford to be slow. It is for mortals to hurry; it is for the creatures of a day to be in haste; it is for the Eternal to move on with the slowness which we see in connection with the mighty processes that belong to the history of the material globe on which we tread. (Applause.) Every thing about his works partakes of a character that seems to bespeak majesty,—the majesty of slowness; the absence of haste and hurry. How slow and imperceptible is the breaking of the day, or the setting of the sun; how beautifully do the spring and autumn, the winter and summer, come and go! They are never stationary, and yet they never seem to be in movement. They blend slowly, beautifully, statelily, majestically, together. Every thing about us is to me more or less impressed with an idea of this kind. When we attempt to conceive, to form an idea at all, of what is meant by an eternity past, how must that eternity have been occupied! Can that Being whom we suppose to have given existence to later time, or in connection with this period, to all that we see exist,—has He been unemployed before? If his nature is unchangeable, he must (we conceive) for ever have been employed much as now; and all that exists as worlds and systems now, is only a link in the mighty chain of being that has been revolving and revolving through an eternity that is past, and that will revolve to an infinity to come. (Applause.) I look at geology as standing in beautiful relation with these ideas of the Creator and Governor of the universe; and I see nothing in that Book which I revere as a commandment and a revelation from Heaven, that is not in perfect harmony with all the great facts which we conceive to have been settled by the science of geology. (Applause.) I fear nothing for the religion of the Bible from the progress of science. The great mischief that has come to that religion, has been from the absence of science, and not from the presence of it. (Hear.) I believe that if we are now free men, if now we are taken out of the hands of the priesthood, if our minds are no longer scared with the frightful superstitions that come down with so much terror upon the spirits of men in a past time, it is because science has gone with her torch into the cell and convent of the monks of old, and has sent her light upon all the cheats and frauds practised there, and has proclaimed liberty the spirit of man. That has been the effect of science; that will be the effect of science. Whatever may be the oppression and suffering to which the spirit of man upon any wide scale may be subjected in future, the present position of science will always put down the miraculous pretensions of contemporary beings, so as to prevent the return of anything like that tyranny over the spirit and conscience which has been exercised to so large an extent in the history of our species. (Applause.) I feel interested in every thing belonging to the progress of science on this account; confident as I am, that while it is very possible for you to outstrip the science of the Bible, because the natural science of the Bible is, as it ought to have been the natural science of times when the Bible was written—(hear)—you may outstrip that; but as to the sublime moral purposes of that book, in respect of them you will halt unto the end. They will always be in advance of every attainment that man may make in rightness of thinking, of feeling, and of action; and as long as the Bible holds that high advanced moral position, I care not about its being regarded as an encyclopædia of science. (Applause.)"

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

SIR,—One way of arriving at the qualities of bodies is by analysing the materials of which they are composed. The following is an extract from a letter written by a gentleman who recently crossed from London to New York, and it contains a minute analysis of some of the constituent ingredients of a distinguished religious association, which may perhaps furnish useful information to some of the credulous simpletons in England. It may be premised that the writer is a surgeon of nearly fifty years' standing, and the son of a clergyman.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

F.

"Our passengers, on the whole, a disagreeable party. There were eight clergymen on board—six Methodists, and two Presbyterians. They were members of a deputation, chosen and sent out from America, to meet a convention of evangelical clergy, from all parts, and of all opinions, in London, to form what they were pleased to term an Evangelical Alliance; but for what purpose, or to what end, I could not understand. All I know is, that America, in all its regions, mustered one hundred, of which these were a portion, returning to their several residences in different parts of the continent. They constituted a bad specimen of their class and order,—vulgar, noisy, coarse in manners, boasting, proud, and exclusive. They herded together, confined their conversation to professional subjects,—if so they may be termed,—played at shuffle-board on the deck when the weather permitted, or at draughts in the cabin. They found out a silly boy, or hobadihoy, among the passengers, whom they eagerly converted into a standing joke, speedily and diligently made him the fool or jester of their party, and laughed loud and long at the folly and nonsense they extracted from him. One thing was very remarkable, that religion with these men, was the standing subject for their jokes. They were, on the whole, the most profane set of men I ever met with, setting aside swearing, drinking, and absolute ribaldry. They sought for, and revelled in, a joke derived from some religious practice or opinion. The boy-fool was a follower of the opinions of Swedenborg. This was enough; they questioned him, extracted from him the nonsense he had been taught, quoted Scripture as it regarded the most exalted doctrines and dogmas, to extract laughter from his absurd replies I am not very severe myself in these matters, but the practice of these men, calling themselves ministers of religion, disgusted, if it did not shock me. Their characters may be thus summed up,—they were coarse feeders, vulgar jesters, loud laughers, great boasters, incessant talkers, rough in manner, proud and independent in bearing, exclusive and deficient in common courtesy." [London Inquirer.

DR. PIERCE'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

The venerable Dr. Pierce, of Brookline, on the 15th of March next will have completed his *fiftieth* cycle of ministerial labor with one and the same people. He and his people have judged it proper to observe the occasion as a sort of jubilee. And inasmuch as his was the only society in the town for more than thirty years, it has seemed good to the pastors of the other two societies—the Baptist and the Orthodox—to unite with him in the celebration, and thus make it an occasion of general interest.

We understand that there is to be a public service in Dr. Pierce's Church on the afternoon of Monday, the 15th of March next; and in the evening a collation in the town-hall. The principal exercise of the afternoon will be a discourse from the Doctor himself, which we doubt not will be rich in historical incidents. There is probably no minister in the country, who has at command such a treasury of historical and chronological facts. He has, probably, a more full, minute, accurate and complete private journal, than any other man in the land, with the exception possibly, of the venerable John Quincy Adams. And of that of Mr. Adams be more voluminous, we think it almost certain, that that of Dr. Pierce will contain a greater amount of New England incident. We believe that Dr. Pierce has a journal that covers between fifty and sixty years of his life, and as he has been favorably situated for acquiring information, and has a keen relish for that sort of thing, it can hardly fail of being rich in matters of interest.—We think we have heard that he purposes at his decease, to leave it to the library of Cambridge College. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that for fifty years he has never failed to be present at the Annual Commencement of this institution, and has, if we mistake not, through this whole period, set the customary hymn to the tune of Old Hundred, at the close of the public dinner on Commencement day.

During the last fifty years, he has had ministerial communion with between three and four hundred ministers; that is, he has either exchanged with, or preached for them; and of them all, but *two* have had the *sole* care of their parishes as long as he has.

Though turned of the three-score years and ten, he possesses great vigor of constitution, enjoys firm health, and has the vivacity of youth. He thinks nothing of a walk of eight or ten miles in a day, and has been in the habit—we know not how long—of sawing and preparing all his own fuel for the fire, and this usually before breakfast. So perfect and uninterrupted has been his health, that for the last *thirty* years there has not occurred a Sabbath when he has not either preached or been able to preach.

But we had no design of going into detail when we began. We took our pen merely to announce that his *semi-centennial* would be on the 15th *proximo*. [Puritan.

A RELIGIOUS PAPER.

A religious paper—what should it be?—Should it be sectarian? Not altogether so. It should be religious in the broad, admitted sense of that word. But what should constitute its religious character? Should it be filled with with polemical or controversial matters? We think not. Should it be devoted to the relations of religious experience? Not exclusively.—Should it treat only of practical duties? This would make it dry and uninteresting. Plainly, a religious paper should be varied, according to the various subjects that come within the province of religion. It should be sectarian in one sense—that is, it may innocently be devoted to the doctrines and interests of that sect which is believed on the whole to be the nearest to the standard of Truth; but it should not be so sectarian as to be clannish, selfish, or as to exclude the more general definition of religion, which comprehends the whole field of Christian doctrines, affections and duties. A religious paper should be a family paper—not one for mere individual benefit, not one adapted solely to the wants of business men, not one confined in its design to any particular age, sex or class of people, but a paper that may be read at the fireside, and that contains all matters of general interest to husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, neighbors and friends. But to do this, it must have variety, and that variety is allowed which does not conflict with its *main* character as a religious journal. A paper, at the fireside would be tame that had no matters of news, or even amusement in it.—Though a religious paper, it should "note the passing tidings of the times"—it should take notice of whatever is agitated as a matter of public interest to the community in which it circulates. It should not be a political or partizan paper; and yet it ought not to hesitate, in godlike fidelity to human rights, to rebuke sin wherever seen, be it in church or state. To be neutral is one thing—to be independent is another. The latter is a virtue, the former a policy; and a policy sometimes that implies a sacrifice of principle.

Slavery, Intemperance, War, Revenge—is it transcending the bounds of what is due to the character of a religious paper, that its editor should even dare to rebuke those sins! But says one, your paper is a religious one—I did not subscribe for a Temperance paper; another is offended because the editor speaks against slavery, and declares he will not put up with a paper that has to do with that agitating subject. A third has no idea of taking a *religious* paper that advocates the milk-and-water cause of Peace. He knows God has given us *rights*, and required us by the very laws of our nature to assert and maintain them, and surrender them not, come what will. More local questions sometimes come up, on which indeed the public mind is divided, but a *religious* paper must say nothing about them *because* there are differences of opinion. All this would make a paper utterly tame, ay, and as utterly useless. If a paper should be pruned to suit every objector, it would go out each week a blank paper, without the stain of type, and then it *would* be unobjectionable and just as worthless. It is impossible to please every body; and an editor, would only betray his own folly who should try do it. Let him please himself—do and say what he thinks is right and true, and take the consequences. An honorable public will sustain him in such a course; in a different course he ought not to be sustained.

Our ideal of a religious paper is—one that is mainly devoted to religious truth and virtue, under which general object it may properly be pledged to the interests of a sect; being religious, it should be a family paper—such as all members of a family may take an interest in, and derive from it religious and moral improvement. It should not exclude any subject of popular interest—*because* it is a religious paper, but rather should embrace all such subjects in subserviency to its main design as a moral and religious aid to every rational improvement.

[Gospel Standard.

JOHN JOHNSON.

We are not, dear reader, about to inflict upon you a long biography of the distinguished personage whose name is so conspicuously paraded before you at the head of this article; for, to own the truth, our personal acquaintance with the individual has been next to nothing. Indeed, we are not quite sure that we have his name right, as it stands recorded in the old family Bible; for a sense of duty to all the world constrains us to confess, that we quote from recollection—not having seen, for several years, the family record of the very reputable generations of the Johnsons. The name itself signifies, as any body may know, that the hero of our story was neither more nor less than John's son.

When we first heard of him, John Johnson lived in Charleston, S. C., and was a member of an orthodox church, in good standing. Suffering his own garden to be overrun with weeds, he spent much time in weeding the gardens of his brethren. He was so pure and godly (in his own estimation,) that all others were, in his sight, amazingly deficient as regarded all essential qualities, and qualifications for the kingdom of God. But his chief business was, to keep his minister in the strait and narrow path of duty. By virtue of his admirable skill in fault-finding, he could detect, in an instant, defects in a sermon, or a prayer, which other people had not the wit, nor the wisdom to discover. As he was always in the right, and his brethren always in the wrong, he was always, from moral necessity, opposed to whatever the majority were in favor of; and as he was of course always in the minority, because "broad is the road that leads to death, and thousands walk together there; while wisdom shows a narrow path, with here and there a traveller"—he was compelled to resort to intrigue, and mischief-making, in order to carry his point, and secure his end. This kept the church to which he belonged in a continual turmoil, and rendered the life of his poor minister a life of continued anxiety and wretchedness. The Rev. Mr. Psalter, for such we must call him, worn out with his labors and trials, and tormented by the vexatious intrusions, and importunities of Brother John Johnson, asked, and obtained leave of absence for a few months, for the purpose of taking a long breath; being determined to obtain a situation, if possible, where he could enjoy exemption from the evil which had well nigh worn out his patience, and rendered life a burthen. Keeping his determination to himself, not daring to tell his wife and children of it, lest John Johnson should get hold of it and prevent his going, he started his journey, and arrived safe and sound in the good city of Philadelphia. Intent upon the object which he had in view, he lost no time in calling upon a ministering brother, to whom he related his troubles. What was his surprise to learn, that the good brother to whom he had gone for sympathy, was in a like predicament! "Alas," he exclaimed, "you have come to the wrong place for relief; for in my society I have a man, one of the most officious of my communicants, who exactly answers the description of your Mr. John Johnson, and he keeps the church in such an uproar all the while, that I have been praying for a call." Losing no time by delay, Mr. Psalter took passage for New York, and made the acquaintance of several of his brethren there. Great was his grief on finding that each one had a John Johnson in his parish. He went to Boston, and diligently inquired into the state of things there, thinking that in the Metropolis of New England he would find at least one religious society that had no John Johnson in it. In this he was disappointed; and making all convenient haste, he went to Salem, hoping that the race of the Johnsons had been exterminated when the puritans drove off the Baptists and Quakers, and hung the witches. Calling on the venerable Dr. Worcester, then alive, and preaching there, Mr. Psalter told his pitiful story, and repeated his earnest inquiry for a religious society without a John Johnson in it. "Go back," said the Doctor," and make the best you can of the evils of our condition; for, in all my long experience, I have never known a parish without one of the Johnson family in it!"

It is hoped that societies of our faith are seldom, if ever troubled in like manner. But if any are thus afflicted, they will do well to resort to the summary process of excommunication. May the Lord deliver *our* churches and societies from the influence of so great an evil as John Johnson. [Western Evangelist.

TREATING ERROR WITH RIDICULE.

"Indeed, reverend Sirs," says Pascal, in addressing the Jesuits, "there is a vast difference between laughing at religion and laughing at those who profane it by their extravagant opinions. It were impiety to be wanting in respect for the verities which the Spirit of God has revealed; but it were no less impiety of another sort to be wanting in contempt for the falsities which the spirit of man opposes to them. For, fathers, since you will force me into this argument, I beseech you to consider, that just in proportion as Christian truths are worthy of love and respect, the contrary errors must deserve hatred and contempt; there being two things in the truth of our religion,—a divine beauty that renders them lovely, and a sacred majesty that renders them venerable; and two things also about errors,—an impiety that makes them horrible, and an impertinence that renders them ridiculous. For these reasons, while the saints have ever cherished towards the truth the two-fold sentiment of love and fear,—the whole of their wisdom being comprised between fear, which is its beginning, and love, which is its end,—they have at the same time entertained towards error the two-fold feelings of hatred and contempt, and their zeal has been at once employed to repel by force of reasoning the malice of the wicked, and to chastise, by the aid of ridicule, their extravagance and folly. Do not then expect, fathers, to make people believe that it is unworthy of a Christian to treat error with derision. Nothing is easier than to convince all who were not aware of it before, that this practice is perfectly just,—that it is common with the fathers of the Church, and that is sanctioned by Scripture, by the example of the best of saints, and even by that of God himself."

There is some ingenuity in the following remarks from the Dublin Review, a Roman Catholic Journal, conducted with great spirit and ability. We copy the article partly that our readers may see something of the Roman Catholic mode of treating such a subject and partly that they may see how the ceremonials of those who make such account of being *The Church*, are regarded by the *only* consistent Churchmen.

THE POETRY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

It is sometimes asked whether poets are not more commonly found external to the Church than among her children; and it would not surprise us to find the question answered in the affirmative. Poetry is the refuge of those who have not the Catholic Church to fly to and repose upon; the Church herself is the most sacred and venerable of poets. Poetry, as Mr. Keble lays it down in his University Lectures on the subject, is a certain method of relieving the overburdened mind

As to the author personally, we cannot help cherishing one special trust, which we hope is not too sacred to put into words. If there be one writer in the Angelical Church who has discovered a deep, tender, loyal devotion to the Blessed Mary, it is the author of the Christian Year. The Image of the Virgin and Child seems to be the one vision upon which both his heart and intellect have been formed and those who knew Oxford twenty or thirty years ago, say that while other college rooms were ornamented with pictures of Napoleon on horseback, or Apollo and the Graces, or Heads of Houses placed in easy chairs, there were the rooms of one man, a young and rising one, in which might be seen the Madonna-di Sisto or Domenichino's St. John—fit augury of him who was in the event to do so much for the revival of Catholicism. We will never give up the hope, the humble belief, that that sweet and gracious Lady will not forget her servant, but will recompense him, in royal wise, seven-fold—bringing him and his at length into the Church of the One Savior, and into the communion of herself and all saints whom he has redeemed.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 27, 1847.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

A great outcry, in most of the Orthodox papers, has been raised against Dr. Gannett, because he has stated that the Scriptures are not inspired writings, but true and faithful records of a divine revelation, as if in saying this he were destroying all reverence for the Bible, undermining its authority, and, in short, doing the same thing which Hume, Payne and Voltaire had sought to do before. But can they not perceive an essential difference between one who attempts to show that the Scriptures, though not inspired, are the faithful records of a divine revelation, and one who maintains that they are not trustworthy, or that all the most remarkable statements of facts, which they make are fabulous and false? Is there not a world-wide difference between these two classes of writers? Why then should these religious papers labor to confound them with each other? Is it for the unworthy purpose of bringing odium on a despised denomination?

Dr. Gannett may be right or he may be mistaken in his views. The distinction which he makes, when he says that though the disciples of Christ "were inspired as preachers, they were not inspired as writers," does not seem to us a sound one. For what was *writing*, but a more extended mode of preaching? If they were divinely inspired for the utterance of all truth through the lips, why not also through the pen? We can recognize no sufficient difference between the two modes of teaching, to warrant so important a distinction. What was true of their writings, was true also, we believe, of their preaching. If the one was altogether true, so also, we believe, was the other. If the one was in all important matters true, but in some slight particulars liable to inaccuracy, so also was the other.

But without dwelling on this distinction, which, notwithstanding the stress that Dr. Gannett lays upon it, seems to us of small importance, we would add, for the benefit of our more Orthodox brethren, that with the view which Dr. Gannett takes he is in no way detracting from the authority of the Scriptures or lessening our reverence for them as the truthful records of a divine revelation. Suppose that the four gospels were, when they came from their authors, stamped with the perfection of a plenary, verbal inscription—that every word stood there precisely as it was dictated by the spirit of God. Did this same plenary inspiration preside over the pens of those who copied from the original manuscripts? And if so how long was this exact divine superintendence kept up? For whenever that superintendence was suspended, the copy that was next taken was liable to be marred by human imperfections and could no longer be appealed to as the exact, literal text which had been dictated by the holy spirit. The most that could be said would be that it was a faithful copy taken by man, of a divine record. And how, except in degree, does this differ from Dr. Gannett's views of the Gospel, as the faithful record of a divine revelation?

But as a matter of fact, every scholar, Trinitarian as well as Unitarian, knows perfectly well, that many variations, through the imperfections of transcribers, have found their way into the different copies of the New Testament, and, according to the authority of the most learned Orthodox critics, the various readings which have been noted in different manuscript copies of the New Testament cannot be less than thirty thousand and probably exceeds a hundred thousand. With two or three exceptions, these various readings do not, in any important respect, affect the meaning or change any important fact or doctrine. They need not therefore impair our confidence in the Gospels as true and faithful records. But how can those, who hold to a plenary verbal inspiration, get along with this fact? It must break their theory into a thousand pieces, or at least destroy its entire value. For, in the face of these facts, which no honest scholar will dare to question, how can they maintain that the Bible, as we now have it, even in the most approved text, is as it came from the hands of the inspired writers? They know that it is not so, that in many particulars it must have been changed in the process of ages. Their theory of inspiration therefore, cannot rightfully claim for it the sort of reverence which they demand. Why then all this indignant declamation about our views of inspiration? *They* hold that the Gospels came from the authors' hands, precisely word for word, as dictated by the holy ghost, but are obliged to admit, that in more than ten thousand little particulars, it has been altered since then. We hold that the Gospels are the true and faithful records of a divinely inspired revelation, but we are obliged to admit that, in some unimportant particulars they may have been mistaken, and that the text since then has been liable to these variations. Now, in principle, what is the difference between these two statements, so far as relates to the authority of the Gospels as we now have them? "But you," say they, "admit that these writings are liable to error." "So also," we reply, "do you, when you admit the facts of the different readings." "But," they add, "if the writers might have been mistaken in small matters, they might also in large." "No," we reply, "their characters and opportunities could not have allowed it. But suppose it were so; if they, being liable to error in small things, were also liable to error in important matters, so also your transcribers, being liable to error in small things, must vastly more than the original writers, have been liable to error in important matters, especially when we consider that all their prejudices were on the side of the Church." An implicit confidence in the strict verbal accuracy of the Scriptures, cannot, therefore, be sustained, whatever may be our theory of inspiration. Even the Roman Church, which professes to be the inspired keeper of the records, cannot sustain it, because of the palpable fact of these different readings.

So much for the question, as between us and those who hold to a plenary verbal inspiration. Still we submit to the authority of the Scriptures. We believe in the New Testament, as the true and faithful record of a revelation miraculously made by God to man. This record has been handed down to us through the hands of man, but its authority in all that is essential to salvation, is to us the same as if we had a copy written by the finger of God. The constitution of the United States—what intelligent man doubts its authority, because he has only a record—a copy—from the fallible printing press of man? The authority lies far back in the act by which those rules were declared to be the supreme law of the land. The records are but an evidence of that great fact and of the laws. So the authority of the Scriptures, lies far back in the act of the Almighty by which their central truths were declared to be the supreme laws of human conduct. The Gospels are but the evidence of that fact, and the records of those truths. As such we receive them; for they come to us with a weight of evidence which we cannot resist.

Why then, we again ask,—why this outcry against us? We should be glad to see the subject calmly examined—its difficulties fairly stated and met by some of the ablest Orthodox Theologians. We think that Dr. Gannett, in his exceedingly interesting and able lecture, has exaggerated the discrepancies in the New Testament. But after all, there are difficulties in the way of all the common theories of inspiration, which we have never seen fairly met, but which, when viewed with the candid and discriminating eye of true learning, will, we feel assured, only serve to confirm the authority of the sacred writings. There has been rashness on both sides But there are among us men of great ability and learning, who have attended to this subject for years, and to the publication of whose views we cannot but look forward with great hope.—As to these newspaper vituperations, we see no good end that they can answer, except as flashy wine at the beginning of a feast, to rouse the attention and sharpen the appetite for something better.

DR. CHANNING AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

Lest the concluding portion of the article that precedes this should seem needlessly severe, we give here a portion of an article which we find in the Boston Recorder of last week, in the form of a letter to Rev. E. S. Gannett.

"It is a melancholy sight to behold a popular and talented preacher, using his gifts and position to unsettle the faith of men in the Word of God—to see him enjoying the shade of the tree of life, eating of its fruit and yet girdling it, lest his children should enjoy its shelter, and eat and live. I see in you an advocate of public virtue, starting morality and truth from their deep foundation—an ambassador to guilty men, rending your commission before the eyes of the disobedient—a preacher of righteousness, declaring him in whose name you speak to be an enthusiast or an impostor—warning sinners of judgment to come, but trampling the sanctions of God beneath your feet.

Crime abounds; law and restraint are thrown off; men crowd our wharves by thousands who are not accustomed to obey just rule and righteous law, and you, the representative and head of a popular sect, meet them with sentiments, which break the force of law and lift up the floodgates of crime.

It seems proper, if it must be done, that the work you have undertaken in rejecting the inspiration of the gospel, should be done by yourself. You are the successor of Dr. Channing, the author of New England Unitarianism. That system, as it has been known, was begotten in the pulpit you occupy, and cradled in the house in which you worship. The old form of your faith has for a long time been ready to vanish. What place so fitting for its exit, as the place of its birth? How appropriate that its author and finisher should both stand in the same pulpit. Your predecessor reviled the cross of Christ, calling it the "THE CENTRAL GALLOWS OF THE UNIVERSE;" why should not the book that so clearly holds up the cross, that intelligent infidels and pagans find it stampt upon all the mission of the Messiah, be abandoned to the friends of the CENTRAL GALLOWS? How kind in you to affirm the assertion of Theodore Parker, that he differed from his Unitarian brethren only in the fact that he openly avowed his opinions. How proper that the only thing in common between yourself and the evangelical portion of the community—faith in the inspiration of the word of God,—should be removed, that a gulf impassable should be fixed."

* * * * *

"I understand you are about to build a new house of worship. The step I think proper, the time appropriate. The parish to which you preach, was gathered by men who worshipped Jesus Christ as 'God manifested in the flesh.' It has taken many years to repudiate the faith of the fathers. The work has been onward, slowly but surely. Last of all the Gospels have been trodden under foot of men. It is time that all the ancient associations should follow the ancient faith. Let the lofty spire which indicates the spot where Christ was worshipped be laid low, and let a house of merchandise spring from its ancient foundations. Let another house be built for those who take the crown from the head of Jesus—the inspiration from the words of salvation—and put out that perfect light which guides the erring and lost to heaven, the home of the weary." W. E. H.

This "central gallows," in the many changes that have been rung upon it, has been almost as much a stumbling-block and an offence to Calvinistic writers, as the Cross of Christ was to the superstitious Jews, and probably no single expression of modern times has been more distorted and perverted from its true meaning, and that too, as for example, in an Episcopal Tract, by men of general candor and fairness of mind. It is not the cross of Christ, which we find in the Gospels, that Dr. Channing represents as "the central gallows of the universe." It is the Cross as exhibited by the dreadful doctrine which Calvin has substituted in its place. But as this expression of Dr. Channing has been referred to till its true connexion and meaning are entirely lost, we here extract the entire passage, only saying that to our mind it is a perfectly true and just illustration of the Calvinistic view of the Atonement.

"Trinitarians imagine, that there is one view of their system peculiarly fitted to give peace and hope to the sinner, and consequently to promote gratitude and love. It is this. They say, it provides an Infinite substitute for the sinner, than which nothing can give greater relief to the burdened conscience. Jesus, being the second person of the Trinity, was able to make infinite satisfaction for sin; and what, they ask, in Unitarianism, can compare with this? I have time only for two brief replies. And first, this doctrine of an Infinite satisfaction, or, as it is improperly called, of an Infinite atonement, subverts, instead of building up, hope; because it argues infinite severity in the government which requires it. Did I believe, what Trinitarianism teaches, that not the least transgression, not even the first sin of the dawning mind of the child, could be remitted without an infinite expiation, I should feel myself living under a legislation unspeakably dreadful, under laws written, like Draco's, in blood; and, instead of thanking the Sovereign for providing an infinite substitute, I should shudder at the attributes which render this expedient necessary. It is commonly said, that an infinite atonement is needed to make due and deep impressions of the evil of sin. But He who framed all souls, and gave them their susceptibilities, ought not to be thought so wanting in goodness and wisdom, as to have constituted a universe, which demands so dreadful and degrading a method of enforcing obedience, as the penal sufferings of a God. This doctrine of an Infinite substitute suffering the penalty of sin, to manifest God's wrath against sin, and thus to support his government, is, I fear, so familiar to us all, that its severe character is overlooked. Let me, then, set it before you, in new terms, and by a new illustration; and if, in so doing, I may wound the feelings of some who hear me, I beg them to believe, that I do it with pain, and from no impulse but a desire to serve the cause of truth.—Suppose, then, that a teacher should come among you, and should tell you, that the Creator, in order to pardon his own children had erected a gallows in the centre of the universe, and had publicly executed upon it, in room of the offenders, an Infinite Being, the partaker of his own Supreme Divinity; suppose him to declare that this execution was appointed, as a most conspicuous and terrible manifestation of God's justice, and of the infinite woe denounced by his law; and suppose him to add, that all beings in heaven and earth are required to fix their eyes on this fearful sight, as the most powerful enforcement of obedience and virtue. Would you not tell him, that he calumniated his Maker! Would you not say to him, that this central gallows threw gloom over the universe; that the spirit of a government, whose very acts of pardon were written in such blood, was terror, not paternal love; and that the obedience which needed to be upheld by this horrid spectacle, was nothing worth? Would you not say to him, that even you, in this infancy and imperfection of your being, were capable of being wrought upon by nobler motives, and of hating sin through more generous views; and that much more the angels, those pure flames of love, need not the gallows and an executed God to confirm their loyalty? You would all so feel, at such teaching as I have supposed; and yet how does this differ from the popular doctrine of atonement? According to this doctrine, we have an Infinite Being sentenced to suffer, as a substitute, the death of the cross, a punishment more ignominious and agonizing than the gallows, a punishment reserved for slaves and the vilest malefactors; and he suffers this punishment, that he may show forth the terrors of God's law, and strike a dread of sin through the universe.—I am indeed aware, that multitudes, who profess this doctrine, are not accustomed to bring it to their minds distinctly in this light; that they do not ordinarily regard the death of Christ as a criminal execution, as an infinitely dreadful infliction of justice, as intended to show, that, without an infinite satisfaction they must hope nothing from God. Their minds turn, by a generous instinct, from these appalling views, to the love, the disinterestedness, the moral grandeur and beauty of the sufferer; and through such thoughts they make the cross a source of peace, gratitude, love and hope; thus affording a delightful exemplification of the power of the human mind, to attach itself to what is good and purifying in the most irrational system. Not a few may shudder at the illustration which I have here given; but in what respects it is unjust to the popular doctrine of atonement, I cannot discern. I grieve to shock sincere Christians, of whatever name; but I grieve more for the corruption of our common faith, which I have now felt myself bound to expose."

If this should fall into the hands of any who hold to the old Calvinistic view of the atonement, we would entreat them, earnestly and solemnly, to read this passage again and again, and to consider whether it be not a just illustration of a doctrine, not to be found in the scriptures, and too awful to be received under any new illustration without shocking all our moral sensibilities.

The cross of Christ as shown in the gospels, no one could reverence more than Dr. Channing. The Savior on the cross was to him immeasurably the most sublime, inspiring and ennobling exhibition of divine love that the world had ever seen. "The great lesson," he has said, [of Christianity] "is self sacrifice. Its distinguishing spirit is Divine Philanthropy suffering on the cross. The Cross, the Cross, this is the badge and standard of our religion. I honor all who bear it" &c. &c. If these sectarian zealots could only enter into the spirit of that great and devoted man, if they would read his works with no captious purpose, but that they might understand and feel their power, they would see how deep and lowly and solemn was his reverence for the Cross, and how profound a meaning it had for him. They would learn how he delighted to dwell upon the thought, till it had penetrated his whole soul, and in humble adoration he bowed himself before this divine example of self-sacrificing love,—bowed himself that he might rise strengthened by the same spirit.

As to what is said in the Recorder about the Fedral Street Society it merits no reply.

SLAVERY IN CONGRESS.

We cannot but feel encouraged by the present aspect of things in Congress. Mr. Calhoun's speech in the Senate, on his Slavery resolutions, is one of profound interest, and while it powerfully enlists our sympathies in his behalf, its desponding tone gives us encouragement. It makes us feel that the strongest supporters of Slavery are beginning to see that its days are numbered. If the free States are only true to the course which they have already adopted, that wicked institution can extend itself no farther, and when cut off from the occupation of new territory, its doom is fixed. The soil which it has once cursed, can be freed from the barrenness which it has caused only by an infusion of free labor, and when a few of the States, as Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky, which are now impoverished by it, have tried the new experiment, and receive a new impulse of life and prosperity from the abolition of Slavery, the example must be rapidly contagious, and our country freed from the dreadful evil which now presses upon it. There are pure and strong-minded men in all the Slaveholding States, who long for this result. There are men in all sections of the country, in all political parties and religious denominations, who look with joy for such a consummation.

We copy some remarks on this subject from the National Era, a new Anti-Slavery paper in Washington:—

"The debate on slavery, growing out of the introduction of the three million bill, has been continued through the week, in good temper and with great spirit. In the Senate, the subject of slavery itself has not been discussed, but allusions to it, as the element to which paramount reference must be had in the settlement of our differences with Mexico, have been constantly made. In the House the nature and effects of the system have come under consideration. Not only has the constitutional question been debated, not only have the relations of slavery to territorial extension been examined, but its economical bearings, its influence on the social and political system, and on the destinies of the States, have been freely canvassed. The Bible question itself has been opened by slaveholding members. We were not a little surprised, on entering the Hall Saturday morning, to find Mr. Seaborn Jones, of Georgia, with his Bible in hand, expounding from the word the divine character of the institution! The particular passage, we believe, that he was elucidating, was the chapter of St. Paul to Timothy, in which he is exhorting him concerning servants, and the duty of obedience to their masters; where he closes by telling the bishop to withdraw himself from any who may preach other doctrines. One might have thought himself in a school of the prophets, assembled to settle a grave question in ethics, had it not been for the mischievous leer, or broad laugh, with which the speaker's dissertation was greeted.

A few years ago, the Representatives of the South left the hall in a body, to concert measures for a dissolution of the Union, because Mr. Slade, of Vermont, dared to exercise the right of free speech in discussing the question of slavery. At a still later period, Mr. Giddings was subject to constant contumely and abuse for exercising the same right, and every device of despotism was adopted to suppress freedom of speech Last winter the gag was taken off, and petitions were received; and this winter, discussion on the subject of slavery has become almost commonplace. No matter what the particular bill under consideration, like Banquo's ghost, up starts the "spectre of anti-slavery agitation," as a venerable neighbor calls it, and it will not down; and for the best reasons—Southerners themselves are constantly provoking it.—By them, more frequently than by the members of any other section, is the question brought into debate. The effects are salutary. The morbid sensibility of the slaveholder is wearing away. The spell thrown around this delicate institution, which so long charmed men to silence, is broken. Nobody thinks now of claiming for slavery exemption from discussion. And why? It has been made a question of national deliberation *by the South!* The war made by Mr. Polk against Mexico, for the acquisition of territory, has necessarily involved the question, What shall be the character of the new territory? Shall slavery be introduced there? But these questions cannot be discussed rationally without inquiring into the *law* of slavery, the relations of the system to the Constitution, its nature, policy, and every incident connected with it. Certainly the South could not ask its brethren of the North and West to spread the ample ægis of the Federal Government over slavery in California, without giving them some good reason, drawn from the system itself, why such an act should be assented to. But to bring such an evil into discussion, is to expose its wrongfulness, its impolicy, and to weaken its hold upon the social system. These congressional debates are rapidly inoculating the public mind with wholesome sentiment.

Mr. Brockenborough, of Florida, in his speech last Saturday on the three million bill, expressed himself in a manner rather extraordinary for a Southern politician. 'Let Southern men,' said he, 'continue to diffuse it, (slavery,) and in time the institution would cease to be mention ed upon that floor. People of all classes were gradually settling in the Southern States; *free labor was becoming more and more prevalent there;* and he believed, with the increase of Northern institutions there, slavery would eventually cease.' No man would utter such sentiments, who was not favorable to the extinction of slavery. The truth is, it is the selfish conduct of a few politicians, aiming to enlist a powerful interest in behalf of a Presidential aspirant, that keeps down the anti-slavery feeling in the slave States."

DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

The latest accounts from Ireland, as may be seen in another column of our paper, are very much as was to be expected. It is pleasant to see how earnestly our citizens are engaging in the matter. Large sums have been raised, and relief will thus be afforded to many thousands, who otherwise might perish with hunger. We understand that a petition has been forwarded from this place, asking of the government, the use of a sloop of war, now lying idle, for the purpose of carrying provisions to Ireland. If it were a line of battle ship, we should rejoice still more to have her go loaded down with provisions for a starving nation.

We do not know how we can better further the good cause, than by publishing entire the following address drawn up by Dr. Dewy, and adopted by acclamation, at a recent meeting in the city of Washington.

Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D., from the committee appointed to prepare an address, reported the following:

Address to the Public from a Meeting in the City of Washington for the Relief of Ireland.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: An awful crisis has arrived in Ireland. That which the failure of the crops in that country has for some time led us to apprehend is no longer a matter of prophecy or conjecture; it is terrible reality. The hand of Famine is already sweeping down hundreds in Ireland, and, if not arrested, threatens wider destruction.

The worst is not yet come. Nine months must pass over that country before another crop can come to its relief. Ireland is but just entering upon her sufferings. Only the first cries of her distress are as yet heard, unless charity from without shall interpose for her rescue.

It is really a case for the sympathy of nations—for the sympathy of the whole Christian world. The calamity is the calamity of a nation. Private charity may relieve private needs; but from that gulf of horrors which famine is opening in Ireland, only national bounty can avail to bring deliverance. But from whence shall it come? Unparalleled distress in France, from flood and famine, engage the attention of *her* people. The north of Europe is suffering extensively from the failure of the potato crop. In Scotland are destitute thousands to be provided for. England, with her own immense burdens of taxation for the poor, is yet doing what she can! but still, with all that her government and people can do, in her ill-fated sister island, victims, by fifties in a week, are dropping into the jaws of famine. Let America come to her rescue. We owe her much. Her strong arm, now paralyzed and broken, has helped to build up our strength and advance our national growth, culture and comfort. Her children are with us and of us. *They* are our *brethren* that cry to us for help.

Let America hear and help. Let us not fail of the opportunity to bind together these kindred nations in new and holier bonds of sympathy.

Let a generous people, we say, come to the rescue! And rescue from what? Scarcely, amidst our abundance, can we conceive what it is; for it is *starvation;* it is pining to death with hunger, from which thousands in Ireland implore us to deliver them. It is a fate more horrible than any that ever came by flood or fire, by war or pestilence. Who would not rather have perished in the army of Napoleon amidst the snows of Russia, or have sunk in Scio beneath the scimetar of the Turk? It is the tragedy of Ugolino, passing not in one solitary prison, but in thousands of human habitations.

The accounts that are coming from Ireland confirm these representations, and, indeed, surpass all that can be said in any general representation. In the province of Connaught "there were forty-seven deaths by starvation in one week." In the towns of Skibbereen, Ballydehah, Scull, Castlehaven, Castletown, and other places, ten or fifteen funerals a day are common, and collections are made in the churches to provide coffins for the destitute. A letter from the county of Mayo says: "The scenes described are as horrible as any related of beleaguered cities. Men are not unfrequently, it is stated, found dead in the ditches by the way-side. Some are so changed as not to be recognised by their friends; their looks wolfish and glaring as madmen; without clothes or food of any kind, they roam about in search of food till death seals their misery."

The *Cork Examiner* contains a letter signed N. M. Cummins, J. P., Ann-mount, Cork, addressed to the Duke of Wellington. Here is an extract: "I went on the 15th instant to Skibbereen, and, to give the instance of one townland which I visited as an example of the state of the entire coast district, I shall state simply what I saw there. It is situated on the eastern side of Castlehaven harbor, and is named South Reen, in the parish of Myross. Being aware that I should have to witness scenes of frightful hunger, I provided myself with as much bread as five men could carry, and, on reaching the spot, I was surprised to find the wretched hamlet apparently deserted. I entered some of the hovels to ascertain the cause, and the scenes that presented themselves were such as no tongue or pen can convey the slightest idea of. In the first, six famished and ghastly skeletons, to all appearance dead, were huddled in a corner on some filthy straw, their sole covering what seemed a ragged horse-cloth. I approached in horror, and found, by a low moaning, they were alive; they were in fever—four children, a woman, and what had once been a man. It is impossible to go through the detail; suffice it to say, that in a few minutes I was surrounded by at least two hundred of such phantoms, such frightful spectres as no words can describe. By far the greater number were delirious, either from famine or from fever. Their demoniac yells are still in my ears, and their horrible images are fixed upon my brain."

There is an affecting letter from the women at Dummanway, in the county of Cork, addressed to the "Ladies of America," and we are sure that their appeal will not be in vain. "Oh! that our American sisters," they say, "could see the laborers on our roads, able-bodied men, scarcely clad, famishing with hunger, with despair on their once cheerful faces, staggering at their work, yet striving to earn the meal which is to keep life in them to earn another; too probably having tasted no food since the day before—oh! that they could see the fever and famine stricken family, huddled together on their bundle of damp straw, with one or more corpses among them, which the survivors have not strength to drag from beside them—oh! that they could see the dead father, mother, or child, lying coffinless, and hear the screams of the survivors around them, caused not by sorrow, but by the agony of hunger, they whose hands and hearts are ever open to compassion would unite in one mighty effort to save Ireland from such misery."

But enough. We feel that it is not necessary to dwell longer upon scenes like these, in order to awaken the compassion of our people. We are not stocks or stones, to listen to such recitals unmoved. We dwell in a land of abundance, and are not wanting in a feeling of liberality, we trust, in some accordance with the bounties of Divine Providence to us. The corn in our valleys and the cattle upon our hills shall not heap up reproach with our fulness, nor cry shame upon our ingratitude and hardness of heart. Our abundance is no more our merit than the misery of suffering Ireland is her fault; and as we either believe in God, or hear the word of Christ, we will not, like the Levite, pass by on the other side, but, like the good Samaritan, will draw nigh and show compassion.

Can we draw nigh to Ireland? Can we do anything for her? This must be the feeling that leaps forth from the heart of this whole people. We will not insult that feeling by any attempt at pathetic appeal to it. The case is plain. If our neighbor, if any human being, were dying of starvation at our door, we could not partake of our daily meal till we had divided it with him. Nothing but iron bolts and bars could prevent our going to him and sharing with him from our fulness. Can we impart of our fulness to Ireland?

In answer to this question, we propose the plan of action set forth in the resolutions which precede this address. We cannot doubt that the gentlemen therein named will assume the benevolent trust which is respectfully tendered to them. We know that it will involve considerable care and expense. For the necessary care we trust to their humanity and the sense they will doubtless entertain of the greatness of the occasion. For defraying the expenses, we feel that we may pledge the whole country. Our churches, benevolent men of wealth, all men, will contribute to a charity like this.

The course of proceeding, then, is very simple. There must be hundreds, nay, thousands, of farmers and other persons throughout the land, who have some bushels of wheat or corn, or barrels of flour or meat, which, from their full stores, they are ready to give to this great charity. The people are ready to do this. The counties of Muskingum and Jefferson, in Ohio, have already made a movement of this kind, and the farmers of Indiana, some time ago, sent a deputation to Cincinnati, to see if something of this nature could not be done. Let these contributions, then, as well as those of money, be forwarded to the respective committees in the seaport towns, by them to be shipped without delay to Ireland. Thus is opened a way for the charities of a great nation to flow, in blessed streams, to a sister nation in need and in distress.

But, friends and countrymen, we must not delay. The death-shrieks come louder and louder from that unhappy shore. Hundreds, thousands, may die before our aid can reach them. Instant action may save other hundreds, other thousands. Words are mockery here; we are ashamed to multiply them. Instant action is the word that we must speak to Ireland. "Mother," said a child dying of starvation, as one of the letters reports, "Mother, give me three grains of corn!" That is what famishing Ireland says to us: "Give me something from your loaded granaries; give quickly, or I die;" and she will not, like that dying child, say it in vain.

The resolutions and addresses being submitted, were adopted by acclamation.

[We suppose that the aged author of the following article, has a deeper meaning than meets the eye. *Moths*—small, unseen—but consumers of time, eating out the substance of our virtuous resolutions, and our garments of righteousness. Yet we do not regard them. But observe the quaintness of our old friend, and ask how these things are. Can there be no antidote?]

For the Register.

MOTHS.

MR. EDITOR,—I suffer very much under the depredations of these enemies to warm raiment, and am not a little surprised that no woman of my acquaintance has any means of effectually resisting them. My cloak has been so eaten to tatters that, though I could ill afford to do so, I had to give it to a beggar; and my best cassimere waistcoat has three holes just beside the third button on the right side. My pantaloons are made highly discreditable to me by several oval apertures, with long meandering tracks leading from them, where these creatures seem to have pastured. A fur tippet given to me by a rich lady, has actually been scattered to the winds, and a pair of cat-skin shoes which I keep with great choiceness against attacks of the gout, are wholly occupied and devoured; so that after they had hung several weeks in a wood-shed to freeze, my wife put them into the oven to bake. I lent a hair-covered trunk to a friend, and Miss Ruth, the housekeeper, sent it back in perfect terror. I cannot understand, but perhaps you can explain to me, why our girls are not instructed in the habits of these insects, that when they are housekeepers they may know how to defend us against them. This study would perhaps be as improving as many other parts of their education. Lydia Huntington, my neighbor, can't keep her own muff over summer; but she can play the over ture to Der Freischutz. Martha Stockdale, who married my nephew, has actually let her husband's fur cap be eaten up; but she studies German most industriously. I am old, and perhaps too addicted to comfort; but I cannot but think they had better keep care out of their hearts by keeping vermin out of their closets. It may be impious, but it irks me to have this emblem of mortality, fluttering about me; and so soon as it disappears, to know the undying worm is at work upon my laid up garments. When I consult with my good Aunt Eunice, who is a Calvinist, and believes in the decrees, she admonished me that there is a better place where they do not come; and would insinuate, I suppose, that they are a part of the woes of mortality to which we must resign ourselves. But I declare to her that the curse of moths is particularly directed in Scripture against the rich, and that it applies to me least of all men. To have a coat eaten up, may be a wholesome chastisement to those who have five or six; but it is hardly necessary to me who have but one. And I submit that even if moths were providential scourges, like plagues and famine, we might still without impiety resist them.

If any of your fair readers are disposed to charge me with slandering their sex in what I said above, I would ask them what one of them can tell me, when the moths begin their ravages and when they leave off, when they lay their eggs, and when they hatch, and when they emerge, how far and how long they fly, whether there are one or two or more varieties, and if several whether these differ in their habits, but above all what will keep them out, or what will destroy them after they have got in.

To conclude, I may set down a computation which will perhaps surprise some of your readers. In reckoning the cost to me of the different animals which I keep, I found that while my horse costs me a dollar a week, and my cow half so much, my moths cost me two dollars and a half, and that on an average, to keep a moth is, through the grazing season more expensive than the keeping of a sheep. But the amount is made up by such small increments, that like the cost of cigars to the young man, our housekeepers do not estimate it. I will put it therefore in another way. My moths, for three years past, would have kept nine or ten Irish families from starving through the whole winter; which I am sure will set the matter in a very strong light before your compassionate readers. I would gladly contract with my wife at the rate of a silk-gown for a moth; and by such a contract, she might clothe herself as handsomely as 'squire Stimson's wife, and make her husband as respectable as any man in the neighborhood.

I am truly yours, J. S.

For the Register.

PREACHING.

We quote below from a Catholic review of a Catholic book, from a review in the Theological Quarterly, published at Tubingen, in Germany, of a work by Luz, a Catholic priest also of Tubingen "on Chrysostom and the other most famous preachers of the former and latter times," some excellent remarks on the requisite qualities of a good preacher. The reviewer says well, that love of the congregation is that without which no preacher can become a truly great pulpit orator. Why, he asks, do so many of the severe warnings and censures of the pulpit fall without effect now, which in ancient times deeply agitated the people and converted many? Because, he answers, they are now often taken up by the preacher, when he wants other material for a sermon, and is driven to catch at whatever is easiest. The people see how the matter stands and do not fear to say so. Other denunciations have their root in selfishness, the preacher does not utter them, because he loves the congregation as his own soul, but because their faults annoy him or move him with some personal feeling.

He then extracts from his author the following remarks, which, although perhaps obvious enough, are very well stated, and cannot be too often brought to our consideration: "The Christian orator," says Luz, "must be pious, in order to attain his noble ends. He who is not convinced, himself, of the truth of what he says, will not be able to convince others; a feigned inspiration soon passes off, an effected warmth soon vanishes, and a pretended faith cannot long wear the mask; the heart must lose its heartiness, and the understanding its unclouded clearness, if firm faith and strong conviction do not live within. But nothing is more penetrating, nothing more affecting, than when the auditory perceives the words stream directly from the heart, cujus vita despicitur restat ut ejus praedicatio contemnatur (Greg. h. 12 in Ev.) The Christian orator must be pious in order to remain separated from all love of self. With self in his heart, he may use the utmost industry in the elaboration of his discourses, may watch through the night to collect the phrases of all times and zones, and arrange them in a beautiful whole, he may betake himself to every stroke of art, to appear eloquent, go through the whole scale of the human voice to find the sweetest tone, but if it be the favor of applause of his hearers only which moves him, he will, instead of the truth, proclaim falsehood, instead of uttering words of power and dignity against the passions, flatter the passions, and in unaccustomed circumstances, in which there is need of courage and firmness, he will lose his resolution and know nothing of sarifice. The Christian orator must be pious in order to possess a cheerful and unembarrassed heart. An evil conscience makes the duty of preaching repulsive, takes away all pleasure in it, becomes a constant unrest in the heart, and puts melancholy and despondency into it. But where unrest is in the heart, there is trouble, the understanding is confused, the spirit is not free enough to give itself with entire satisfaction and with all its force to its subject. Therefore, preaching will be a heavy drudgery to the worldly orator; in the midst of his best thoughts he is oppressed by timidity and a certain uncomfortable feeling, which has its deepest foundation in the discord of his own soul. In this frame, he will succeed, perhaps, in distressfully fetching forth a sermon for the improvemon of others. But the pious orator studies his sermon for himself, he preaches to himself first, that he may afterward proclaim the words to others; no discord, no unrest, no depressing feeling gets possession of him, he asks about praise as little as about censure, his single thought is whether he shall please God. The lust for praise does not drive him to dishonorable arts, does not reduce him to the work of a compiler, he feels a power in himself, to create out of himself, and gives this power unfettered play, does not hunt for rhetorial figures, does not trade in words, but is concerned for the truth and for nothing else.—As he thinks he speaks; what he speaks are eternal beauties, given by the Holy Spirit, called forth by a true inspiration; every stroke, every line, every mien, every posture and gesture, is genuine, true and pure. Because he is so little concerned about the blame of men, a noble freedom presides over his whole discourse, which does not spare vice, nor justify nor excuse it, but pronounces it abominable and damnable wherever he finds it and under whatever form. And because he is filled with a holy zeal in a holy cause, he will embrace his congregation with a wonderful love, censure the vice and spare the vicious, for that have only words of severity and earnestness, for these never enough words of mildness and indulgence, of motherly love and fatherly solicitude."

For the Register.

THE BIBLE AMONG BIBLE CHRISTIANS.

There are two ways of receiving the Scriptures, which so occupy the whole ground, that I cannot easily imagine a third. There is, taking them as a book furnished to us by divine providence, to give us a just account of Christianity, that we may learn it there and apply it in our conduct. This is fundamentally the old and approved way. Of anything which is related or inculcated in them, we inquire not as to its evidence, authenticity, historical ground, or whatever other critical question may be proposed, for all that is not all to our purpose; but what illustration of Christianity is given or what duty is enforced, or what sort of character is required by it. When we use the Bible in this way, we not only do not deny the divine origin and the exact inspiration, but we do not raise any question about it, do not there even affirm it. We have nothing to do with the way the thing arose. We accept it as a thing given to us now by a good providence, and really representative of the religion, so that we can learn it there. This is all we care about. And in this respect it is its own evidence. Or if it wanted any evidence, the fact of its tradition would be sufficient.

The other way lies behind this, and is not (whatever the Orthodox may say to the contrary) inconsistent with it. It is, allowing their practical value, to inquire critically into their character and origin. This is a matter of learning, more than of religion; although religion must, as in all things, guide us in it. All the value of this way must come from its being fearless, because with a good conscience, and thorough. Any mixing up of the two ways spoils both; and going half way in either, ruins it.

Now the Scriptures received in the first way, have done a wonderful work in the world, and that way has received therefrom a sort of divine approval; and no Christian of proper sensibility, as I imagine, can read the Scriptures without finding them in that way sublime. But whether in consequence of the objections of skepticism, or as a result of the critical impulse which has been given to this age, there are many evidences that that way will no longer alone answer. The interest in the Scriptures on the old basis has very much decayed, so that in many quarters it is quite dead. And the critical method offers a means of reviving it, not only by the interest of its investigations, but by the new place and importance the Bible will have in consequence of them. It would be strange if indefatigable labor brought nothing out of such a mine. Surely if the Scriptures are what they purport to be we need not fear the zeal of those who enter into their secrets. I am not aware that the geologists have dishonored God by studying the rocks, nor the botanists by studying the flowers. And if the Bible is of God, men will not dishonor him by examining that.

There is indeed another way of receiving the Scriptures; and that is to criticise them, without that which I first spoke of, a sense of their practical use. But this is the unbelievers way; and I have meant to speak of those who are in the Church. So if there was an inaccuracy in my first sentence, I here correct it.

DISCIPULUS.

For the Register.

MR. EDITOR,—In an article from your learned and excellent correspondent A. P. P. there are some interpretations which I am moved to question. I think that to interpret "generation of vipers" "children of ungrateful ancestors" is what he never would have allowed himself in! except for the sake of removing the supposed difficulty. I am persuaded it would not occur to any one to understand the Greek phrase in this place, any other than as signifying, "brood of vipers," or men having the quality of vipers, if that were not thought to cast a stain upon our Savior's example. I cannot help preferring the common understanding and I find in it nothing derogatory to, but something rather illustrative of, the heart of Jesus. His severity seems as necessary to the force of his character, as his mildness was to the beauty of it. As your correspondent says, in one of the cases in which the phrase is used, the ancestors of the Jews have just been referred to. But in the other they have not. And how is the phrase to be understood in John the Baptist's mouth? In the fifty-eighth psalm we see how both the poison and the deafness of the adder were considered emblematic of wicked men.

I will be so free also as to say, that when I referred to the commentators with regard to your correspondent's interpretation of Luke ii. 49, which was new to me, I did not find the consent of the modern critics so great as he alleges. For although Wetstein, Wakefield, Bloomfield, Kuinoel think the word understood is "house," DeWette, and Neander besides several others to whom they refer, and old Rosenmuller and Adam Clarke approve the interpretation which our common version gives. And your correspondent does not advance anything, although his own opinion has great weight with me, to induce me to think that less probable.

And now I have

come." Nor is his subsequent conduct inconsistent with this; for the hour of his manifestation had not then come. And the mother's language to the servants shows only her general confidence in him.

Notwithstanding these exceptions, I must thank your correspondent for his criticisms.

S.

For the Register.

The friends of the Ministry-at-Large, must have been highly gratified in the Anniversary exercises of the Suffolk St. Chapel Sunday School, which were celebrated on Sunday evening, 14th inst. From a brief report read by its indefatigable Superintendent, Dea. M. Lincoln, we learned that the school had been organized seven years and was now prospering to a greater degree than for several years. A faithful and devoted band of teachers have done much to sustain the school under the most trying discouragements and with the aid of its present pastor we feel assured that the Chapel will increase in usefulness.

Rev. Nathl. Hall of Dorchester, Rev. Thomas B. Fox, and Mr. G. F. Thayer of this city severally addressed the parents, teachers and children with earnest solemn exhortation to fulfil their duties to the school, to each other and to their Heavenly Father.

The singing was performed by the members of the School under the direction of Mr. Volney Wilder whose efforts to improve this part of the regular exercises of the School have not been in vain.

We trust that a peaceful future may enable those who have sustained the interests of the Chapel under the adverse circumstances which have surrounded it for several years past, to labor more successfully in the vineyard of the one Master, and may a rich harvest of renewed souls consecrated to the service of God be their reward.

For the Register

A. U. A.

I was so much pleased with the sugges tionsof Jersey Blue, in the resolution to give to the A. U. A. one day's income, that I have followed it, sent $5 myself, and forwarded 5 from a brother and 2 from a sister, as a 300th part of our respective annual incomes. *May our example be followed.* My brother and sister may call themselves Jersey Blues 2d and 3d, I sign

JERSEY BLUE 4th.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NORTH AMERICAN SPELLING BOOK, conformed to Worcester's Dictionary with a progressive series of easy reading lessons. By W. Leonard.

This valuable School Manual has passed through forty editions, and is now republished with important additions. No word of ours is needed to commend it.

EXERCISES AND ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE BLACK BOARD. By John Goldsbury.

We are glad to see that the Black Board is more and more getting into use in our common schools. This book seems to us well fitted for its purpose ,though it strikes us as a little unfortunate that two books,—this and Mr. Leonard's Spelling Book—coming from the same publisher, and likely to be used in the same schools, should have the sounds of the letters marked in such different ways. It is a little thing, but enough to puzzle the little capacity of a little child.

We have received the Sacred Lyrist, or Singer's Third Book: By J. & H. Bird; and have tried unsuccessfully to get some musical friend to write a notice of it. We do not doubt that it is a useful book.

THE BLESSINGS OF SICKNESS.

A very neat little book of sixty pages, selected from Buckminster, with an earnest eulogium by way of introduction. It is well for Buckminster's writings to be circulated in every way.

THE SILENT PASTOR. Or Consolations for the sick. By Thomas Sadler, Ph., D. London: Chapman, Brothers.

We have here a very pleasant and useful little book,—one which may be used with great advantage in the sick room. It contains a discourse on the Christian view of sickness, an address from the Book of Common Prayer, Psalms and Meditations, Prayers and Hymns;—all well adapted to the sick. It is a book, we feel sure, which may do much for the spiritual well-being of those for whom it is designed, and we are glad to learn that it is about to be republished here.

MR. LIVERMORE'S DISCOURSE at the Dedication of the Unitarian Meeting House in Windsor, Vt.

A clear and earnest statement of what is generally believed among us with some eloquent remarks applicable to the occasion.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTES.

To Public School Teachers: By an act of the Legislature of 1846, establishing "Teachers' Institutes," it is provided, among other things, that whenever "reasonable assurance" shall be given to the Board that a number of Common School teachers, not less than seventy, shall desire to assemble for the purpose of forming a Teachers' Institute, and agree to remain a session for a period not less than ten working days, the Board, or a committee appointed by them, shall name a time and place for the meeting, give due notice thereof, and make suitable arrangements therefor.

"Reasonable assurance" having been given to the committee that the requisite number of teachers may be expected to assemble, provided an Institute should be appointed at QUINCY in the County of Norfolk, on TUESDAY, the 16th day of March, and at CONCORD, in the County of Middlesex, on TUESDAY, the 23d day of March, at *ten* o'clock, A. M., to be continued for ten working days, *notice is hereby given that Teachers' Institutes will be held at said times and places.*

The nature and object of a Teachers' Institute were particularly described in the ninth Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board of Education, a copy of which was sent to every school district in the State, and is in the eighth volume of the Common School Journal.

No tuition fee will be required. Instruction, lectures, rooms, lights, etc., will be gratuitously provided. But each member must defray his or her own personal expenses of board, travelling, etc.

The following are standing regulations to be observed at all the Institutes which shall be held during the current year, under the auspices of the Board.

All applicants must present themselves punctually at the *time*, as well as at the *place* specified for the meeting.

No one will be received who is not a teacher of a public school in Massachusetts, or who has not a reasonable prospect of becoming such within a year from the time when such Institute shall be held.

Each applicant must come provided with a Bible; pen, ink, and paper; a slate and pencil; a geography and atlas; the reading book most generally used by the highest class in the schools of the neighborhood where he resides, (if convenient, it would be well to bring more than one kind, to increase the chance of classification,) a dictionary and a blank or common-place book for taking notes.

Other things being equal, those who apply first will have priority of claim but no person who has attended one or more Institutes will be received to the exclusion of one who has not attended at all. The number of members, however, will only be limited by the accommodations, which are ample and excellent.

It is *not* necessary that applicants should either reside, or expect to keep school, in the county where the Institute is held. It is sufficient if they reside in the State, and expect to keep school in the State, within a year.

Liberty is necessarily reserved to reject or dismiss any applicant or member, for misconduct or other sufficient cause.

The aid of School Committees and of all friends of Common Schools, for diffusing information of the proposed meeting, and furnishing facilities for the attendance of members, is respectfully and earnestly solicited.

* * * * *

All persons who wish, under the foregoing regulations, to become members of the Quincy Institute, will address their letters of application, (post paid,) to the Rev. Orange Clark, D. D., Quincy, Mass., and all who wish to become members of the CONCORD Institute *to* Hon. SAMUEL HOAR, *Concord, Mass., and if they do not receive an answer may conclude that they will be admitted to the Institute.*

HORACE MANN,
Secretary of the Board of Education.
WEST NEWTON, Feb. 4, 1847.

The following Memorial has been forwarded to the Hon. Daniel Webster for presentation with the signatures of 1564 Citizens of Boston.

MEMORIAL.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:

This memorial of the undersigned, citizens of the United States, and inhabitants of the City of Boston, Massachusetts, respectfully represents—

That we view with deep sorrow and regret the war now pending between this nation and Mexico, believing it to be aggressive on our part, and entirely unnecessary and unjust; to have been commenced on pretences in part erroneous, and if true, inadequate as a justification of it; and to be now prosecuted with an immense amount of expense, loss of life, and injury to the citizens of these States, inhumanity to the people of Mexico, and the utter disgrace of our national character; demoralization of our people; and in violation of the plainest precepts of our religion.

That we believe the design to prosecute the war with vigor, with a view of thus enforcing a speedy peace, to be immoral in principle and erroneous in policy; that every advance of our forces into Mexican territory, or every victory obtained, is only an addition to the guilt incurred by our nation; and tends only to prolong the war, by further exasperating the people of Mexico, and uniting them more firmly in self-defence; and should their subjugation be such as to compel them to submit to terms of peace humiliating to themselves, such a result would be in the highest degree dishonorable to our country; offensive to God; and revolting to the moral sentiment of the civilized world.

That we hold it to be the imperative duty of our Government, and the only sure, speedy and honorable mode of obtaining peace, immediately to withdraw our armies from all the territories of Mexico, and our vessels of war from her coasts; and then to offer her, by negotiation or arbitration, a just and reasonable peace, with due idemnity for the wrongs inflicted upon her; and should any acquisition of her territory be desired by this Government, it should be purchased of her with her free consent, instead of being retained or wrested from her by the robbery of war.

Believing the course pointed out to be the only one consistent with Christianity, honor and justice, and satisfactory to the moral and religious part of our citizens, by which peace can be effected; we respectfully pray that your honorable bodies will take measures by which such a course shall be pursued.

OBITUARIES.

MRS. ELVIRA HARRIS.

Died in Jacksonville, Mich., on the 10th of December, of consumption, Mrs. Elvira Harris, wife of the late Daniel Harris, formerly of Worcester, Mass., aged 33 years.

During her painful and protracted sickness she manifested uncommon patience and calm resignation to the will of God, and as the time of her departure drew near with a bright hope of blessed happiness beyond the grave. She calmly and even joyously remarked to her friends, that she was going to die and with a welcome smile on her countenance, she quietly and calmly resigned her spirit to him who gave it.

She has left an orphan daughter and a numerous circle of relatives and friends to whom she was greatly endeared, to mourn her loss, and long will they remember her many virtues, cheerful disposition, and pleasant voice, which has so often lit up with joy the hearts of a large domestic circle, and never will they forget the bright example of her faith, humanity, patience, and resignation in sickness and in death.

Rochester, N. Y.

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.

This gentleman, who has been so long before the world in the character of a philanthropist, died at Norwich on Monday last. During the very sharp weather, Mr. Gurney attended the meeting of the District Visiting Society, for the purpose of providing for the great distress the poor of Norwich was experiencing, and on returning home his pony slipped and fell with him, in passing over Orford-hill. Mr. Gurney was thrown over the pony's head on to the ground. He was quickly picked up, and in a short time, considering that no serious injury had been sustained, he rode home on the same pony. We regret to add, that other symptoms followed, and a special telegraphic despatch was sent to London, at 6 o'clock on Monday morning last, and before 10 a physician from London was in attendance; Mr. Gurney, however, died the same night, about 10 o'clock, aged 59. The city is generally in mourning; all the shops in the market-place, and those in most other parts of the city, are closed, so universally and highly was the deceased respected. [English paper.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

SUMMARY. From the annual report of the Superintendent of the farm School we get these facts. There are 73 boys in the school: 50 admitted this year. Of 47 left; 10 have been put in places by the managers; and the rest have returned to their friends. About half of the 73 are fatherless and 7 are orphans: their ages between 10 and 14. The school is regularly attended throughout the year. Among the products of the farm were 70 tons hay, 700 bushels potatoes, 200 bushels beets, 250 bushels carrots. There has been only one case of sickness requiring a physician. The boys (of this we have no doubt) say the managers, have found parental guardians and kind friends in Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, who have charge of this institution.—The volunteers have not yet sailed.—Judge Underwood after numerous balottings, has been chosen U. S. Senator from Kentucky.—The snow in Aroostook county, Me., is five feet on the level.—In this vicinity on Sunday and Monday we had the only genuine snow storm of the season.—In all directions and in various modes contributions are going on in this country for the relief of Ireland.—*Volunteering of the right sort.* R. B. Forbes of this city has offered to go to Ireland in case a government sloop of war is obtained to carry out supplies, in any capacity from that of second mate up to commander.—The snow storm of Sunday and Monday delayed the mails from the south a day or two.—The Sandwich, Cape Cod, Observer says, that it is very sickly in that vicinity. The complaints are measles, lung fevers, bleeding at the lungs, &c. There are hardly a sufficient number of well persons to take care of the sick.—Four new English bishops have been appointed: but without seats in the House of Lords.—*Just think of this!* "Ten minutes after the steamer Cambria arrived at Boston on Saturday, the fact was announced to us by Mr. Carter. This morning we received a request from the Editor of the Toronto (C. W.) Colonist, for the Cambria's news, by telegraph. An answer, referring them to Buffalo for the news, was returned, and a response received saying that they would get their news from Buffalo, *all in the space of half an hour!*" so says the Albany Evening Journal.—Two thousand tons of merchandise and 5500 barrels of flour came over the Western Railroad last week.—The Congregational Church in Brimfield was burnt on Sunday. Loss $5000. Insurance $3000.—The British government will pay freight on food or clothing sent from this country for the relief of the sufferers in Ireland and Scotland.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE. The Cambria arrived at this port on Saturday at 3 1-2 P. M., in 16 days from Liverpool. We give the substance of the news received by this steamer; the principal portion of which is a sad story of terrible suffering. Advices from the Continent are not important.

Parliament has been occupied with the new measures of relief for the people of Ireland and Scotland. The government plans appear to be received with general approbation by all parties, both in and out of Parliament.

The most important commercial news brought by the Cambria is that relating to breadstuffs, prices of which have declined materially since our previous accounts.

The cotton market here has been more quiet during the past fortnight than usual. Sales are rather small especially when compared with those that took place in the month of December. The value of the article has been in a declining position up to the 28th ult., when advices from the United States, brought by sailing ships from New York, were received, which induced speculators to come forward, and operate to some extent, thereby increasing the sales, and causing prices to advance nearly 1-4d per pound. The proceedings of the last few days are again dull, and without spirit. The sales from the 15th ult. to the present date are about 61,821 bales, of which speculators took nearly 19,000 bales, and 1170 for export. The import during the month of January was about 120,440 bales. Prices are much beyond those current last year.

There is a great deal of distress in Nottingham and vicinity; the workhouses are over-crowded, while the numbers of persons to whom out-door relief is extended, are counted by thousands; and yet there are many suffering privations who are not aided by the Poor-law. To assist these, meetings have been held, and a subscription commenced.

The agricultural and other laborers of Bicester have had a meeting to make known their distressed condition. A number of men and women spoke, detailing their sufferings.

There have been food riots in Cornwall. A body of laborers for the China clay works, at St. Austell, turned out to the number of one hundred and fifty, for the purpose of preventing the shipment of corn at the port of Pentewan. The crowd increased to about three hundred towards the close of the day. No violence was committed; the vessels having hauled off from the quays as a precautionary measure.

THE DISTRESS IN SCOTLAND. The peasantry of Scotland are suffering the most dreadful privations.

In Dingwall, some families are represented to be so destitute of fuel as to be obliged to eat their vegetables raw; while others, rather than be reduced to such straits, convert household furniture into firewood.

A food-riot took place in Aberdeen on the 22d ult. The unemployed met in the neighborhood of the town, carrying with them a black flag; and sent a deputation to the Magistrates; who, with the concurrence of the principal corn merchants, told them that shipments of grain would be suspended. Throughout the day there was much excitement, and special constables were sworn in. Towards evening, a flour-cart was attacked, windows were broken, and the Police pelted with stones; but the Police having made a sally, about fifty men, "and a great number of *women*" were secured. Eventually, the mob was persuaded to suffer shipments to fulfil actual engagements; it being declared by the Magistrates that no more should be sent away.

On the same night, a formidable disturbance took place at Macduff, to prevent the shipment of meal and grain; and great excitement prevails at all the shipping-towns in the neighborhood, in consequence of the quantity of food that was sent away.

There have been turbulent meetings at Paisley, growing out of the scarcity of employment. The Provost had, however, mitigated the tumult by providing work for those on the relief-fund, on condition of their forming themselves into parties of twenty, and giving certain guarantees for the due execution and return of the work.

The influx of Irish paupers into Glasgow continues. During one day, the Magistrates investigated two hundred cases of vagrancy, nine tenths of the vagrants being natives of Ireland. Many were sent back on the Irish steamers. One man brought up was so exhausted that he was ordered to the Hospital; but he died before he could be got there.

IRELAND. *Condition of the People.*—There are again most distressing accounts from all the Irish provinces of the progress of famine.

Even in the county of Meath, adjacent to the metropolitan county, deaths from starvation are reported. Supplies of food, however, were coming in, although to nothing at all like the extent required for immediate relief.

The Irish papers state that the miseries of the famine have suffered no abatement. The accounts are the same from all quarters. Over-filled poor houses, with crowds of applicants suing in vain for admission, mark the progress of the now universal misery.

As the famine advances, property of every kind becomes insecure, and robberies, some on a very large scale, are frequent. Cases are almost every morning brought before the Dublin Magistrates of persons assailing bakers' men, and forcibly carrying away the contents of their baskets.

The non-tillage infatuation becomes more and more evident.

Accounts from all parts of the country describe the same state of unintelligent preference for the easy pittance on public works over the better wages offered by the farmers.

A writer in the Northern Whig, who has travelled through Ulster and Connaught, mentions that from the time he entered the latter province, the least distressed in Ireland, until he left it, he did not see a smile on the face of a single man, woman or child, of the peasant class; one general gloom pervaded all.

Destitution is increasing in the counties of Longford, Galway, Leitrim, and Kerry; while in Cork, Bantry is rivalling Skibbereen in extreme distress.

Some consolation, however, may be derived from the continued falling of prices. It was generally believed that speculation had reached its highest limits, and that prices would recede in a few weeks to their average standard.

At Dublin, Belfast and Limerick, corn has decidedly declined; while in Atholone and Longford wheat has fallen 7s and oats 2s per bbl.

To the horrors of famine the dread of pestilence is now superadded. Referring to the extension of "low fever," the Dublin Evening Post of the 23d, contained the following very alarming statement:—"We mentioned a week or ten days ago, that a low, and, as it would appear, a contagious fever had shown itself in many places in the county of Cork. The poor people called it the plague, and fled from the infected hovel, leaving the wretched inmates to perish."

Another journal says: "The progress of disorganization in both ridings of Tipperary is of a fearful character. In the North Riding two process servers attached to the quarter sessions court, have been shot lately, and an officer of the Board of Works fired at. The navigation of the Shannon is guarded by military. Several hundreds of starving creatures have been refused admittance into the poor house, it being completely filled. Plunder and devastation prevail everywhere, for the poor cannot procure food, nor will the rich farmer pay any rents. More police are demanded everywhere. In the South Riding above 150 sheep have been carried off from Shievenamon, near Clonmel; all provision carts moving without escorts are plundered; twelve escorts leave Clonmel weekly; six leave Cahir, taking above 600 tons of flour weekly to Limerick for the west of Ireland; no sheep or cattle can be left out in the fields. The price of food is quite beyond the reach of the people, who plunder everything.—The poor houses are full to suffocation; the turnips are exhausted; meal and soup are distributed largely, but the mass of destitution is overwhelming. All the ruffians of the country are armed; 100 more police voted for."

DECLINE OF REPEAL. The awful condition of the people may be known by the slight interest now taken in repeal. On the 25th ult., Mr. Daniel O'Connell was present at the weekly meeting, when the rent was only £16. Mr. O'Connell alluded to this fact in terms of regret. He intended to leave Dublin immediately for London, and remarked that his strength was failing. The weekly rent on the 1st inst. was £27.

EX PRESIDENT ADAMS is now in his 80th year, and he has been in public life ever since he was 21 years of age. It is stated that on his entering the House, not only did the members spontaneously rise to receive him, but one by one, they came, almost without exception, to his seat, and congratulated him upon his re-appearance at the scene of so many interesting labors, and especially upon his recovery. This was as honorable to the House, as it was complimentary to Mr. Adams.

Mr. Adams arrived just in season to lead off the vote on the Wilmot proviso.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN DELAWARE.—A select committee of the Delaware Legislature has reported a bill agreeably to the wishes of a number of petitioners, for the abolition of slavery in that State. Any sympathy with political abolition is disclaimed by the committee, who consider it a subject belonging exclusively to the state in which slavery exists. For many years slavery has been merely nominal in Delaware, and the committee is of opinion that if not now abolished, it will soon necessarily become extinct.

QUAKERS. The society of Friends in Philadelphia have very charitably and very quietly sent three remittances of £500 each, ($7,200) for the suffering poor in Ireland, and another of £400 has been sent by one of the committee.

TEA SOUP. The Tartar colonists in Russia are said to make great use of tea, which is made into cakes composed of the coarser parts of the fragrant herb. Of this they make a kind of soup, adding to it salt, pepper, and milk: 40,000 chests of this *brick tea*, as it is called, are imported yearly into Russia from China, besides immense quantities of the superior kinds of tea.

A late number of the *Quotidienne* contains a long and curious article, comparing the criminality of Paris and London, as shown by the arrests, very much to the advantage of the former. These are taken from official sources, and it appears from this that while in the course of the year 1843 there were 16,646 criminal arrests in Paris, the number in London, during the same year, was 62,477.

Bederkan-Bey, the chief of the Curds, has made a desert of the greater portion of the territory occupied by the Nestorian Christians. After massacreing the Nestorians and burning their villages, he sent 300 heads of Christians to the pacha of Mossul, with the message that if he did not like that present he would send him the heads of the same number of Turks. The pacha has attempted to remonstrate with Bederkan, but has been unable to turn him from his plans of massacre and pillage, showing the powerlessness of the Ottoman Porte.

We learn with pleasure that a society has been organized in this city, which holds its meetings temporarily in the *passage de l' Opera*, the object of which is to establish in Paris, as the capital of Europe, a museum, in which may be collected the works of sculpture and statuary of every people and nation. The object of this association is to give to statuary, and all the arts connected therewith, the impulse that arises from an epoch that has shaken from its neck the yoke of tradition, and has proclaimed the liberty of the arts. This society will procure, moreover, to artists, the means of advantageous disposal of their works, and of facilitating their productions.

OVERSEERS OF THE UNIVERSITY AT CAMBRIDGE. The third meeting of this Board was held the 18th inst.

Mr. Calhoun, from the Committee appointed to consider the regulations of the Law School, reported in favor of the adoption of the regulations, and after they had been read, they were adopted.

The Board then proceeded to the election of a member to fill the vacancy in the Board, and Hon. John C. Gray was elected.

Mr. Everett then proposed that the Board should proceed to consider the question of concurrence in the election of *Eben Norton Horsford*, as Rumford Professor and Lecturer on the application of the Sciences to the Arts. In answers to an inquiry concerning this gentleman, Mr. E. stated that the testimonials which the corporation had received in favor of Mr. H. were most ample and gratifying; that he was a citizen of New York; that he had been connected with an institution for education in Albany, and subsequently had been a Professor at Delaware College, at both of which institutions he performed his duties in the most satisfactory manner. He subsequently went to Germany and entered the Laboratory of Mr. Liebig, where he remained two years. He brings from that gentleman testimonials of the very highest character. The corporation have also testimonials in favor of him from the heads of the Female Institute at Albany, and of the Delaware College and from Bishop Potter of Philadelphia.

Messrs. Salisbury, Walley and Lothrop were then appointed a Committee to collect, sort, and count the votes for Rumford Professor, and they subsequently reported, that the whole number of votes was 45, all of which were for Mr. Horsford.

President Everett on behalf of the Corporation, reported the following plan for a Scientific Department in the University:—

Scientific School of the University at Cambridge.

1st. There shall be established in the University an advanced school of instruction in theoretical and practical science and in the other usual branches of Academic Learning, to be called "the Scientific School of the University at Cambridge."

2nd. Instruction shall be given in this school by the Professors of the University and by such additional instructers as may be chosen from time to time for that purpose by the President and Fellows, with the concurrence of the Overseers; and the professors and instructers, or a portion of them, to be designated by the Corporation, shall, with the President, constitute a faculty, for the direction of the School.

3rd. All graduates of the University, or of any other collegiate institution, and all persons not graduates who have attained the age of eighteen years, and who are qualified to follow the courses of study to which they propose to give their attention, are admissible to the school. Satisfactory evidence of good moral character must be furnished, and bonds given for the payment of all college dues.

4th. The members of the School shall enjoy the same privileges in the University and be subject to the same regulations as the members of the Law School, as far as the same are applicable to them; and to such other regulations as the Corporation may from time to time prescribe.

5th. Each member of the School shall pay to the steward a sum at the rate of One Hundred Dollars *per annum*, which shall be appropriated for the compensation of the Professors and Instructers, for the formation of a library and cabinet, and for the general expenses of the establishment, in such manner as may be prescribed from time to time by the Corporation.

6th. The members of the School who shall have resided for a length of time at the University and attended to a certain number of courses of lectures, to be decided by the Faculty, shall receive a suitable diploma.

7th. The courses of lectures attended in the School shall be given in the Lecture Rooms of the University, till it may be in the power of the Corporation to erect a building or buildings, exclusively appropriated to that purpose.

8th. At the commencement of each Academic term, a Programme shall be published by the Faculty, announcing the Lectures to be given and the course of Instruction to be pursued, for the ensuing term.

The Board then unanimously approved of these proceedings, and then adjourned *sine die*.

*** We learn that Rev. Mr. Holland is now giving a couse of lectures in Rochester, N. Y., upon domestic relations, to crowded houses.

*** We understand the new Unitarian Society in Norwich, Ct., is doing well and about making efforts to build a Church.

MARRIAGES.

In Roxbury, 18th inst, by Rev Dr Putnam, John W. Hartwell, Esq, of Cincinnati, to Miss Elizabeth T. Oliver, of Brookline.

In New Bedford, 17th inst, by Henry S. Packard, Esq, Mr Edwin Pillsby to Miss Mary Ann Reed, both of New Bedford.

In Washington, D. C., 10th inst, by Rev Dr. Dewey, Francis Schroeder, Esq, to Carolina Seaton, daughter of W. W. Seaton, Esq, Mayor of Washington.

DEATHS.

In this city, 18th inst, Mrs Harriet L. wife of Mr Prentiss Hobbs, 44. [Southern and Western papers will please copy.

In this city, Feb. 22d, George, only child of Charles B. and Sarah E. Kingman, 1 year.

In this city, Feb. 16, Rebecca, youngest child of Geo. W. and Francis A. Ewer, 18 months.

In this city, on Friday evening, 12th, Mrs Mary Willis, wife of Benjamin Willis, Esq, 76. The deceased was a daughter of Dr. Wm. McKinstry, who died on board the English fleet in Boston harbor in 1776, and of Priscilla Leonard, daughter of Rev Nathaniel Leonard, of Plymouth.

In Wareham, Mass, 5th inst, Mrs Hannah E. wife of Richard Mansfield, and daughter of the late Joseph B. Andrews, formerly of Salem, 23.

In Dunstable, William French, Esq, 94 years 6 mos, one of those patriots who participated in the battle on Bunker Hill.

In South Hadley Falls, 9th inst, Mr Timo. Jones, a native of Worcester, and a revolutionary soldier, 84.

At Anton's Hill, Canada, 19th ult, Gen Sir Martin Hunter, 89. He was the oldest officer in the British service, and was the last of the British officers that survived the battle of Bunker Hill.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER AND RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY, No CXL, for March, 1847. Edited by Rev Drs Lamson and Gannett.

—CONTENTS—

Art 1. Moral Influence of War;
2. Man's Enmity to God;
3. Conclusion of Plato's Georgias;
4. Writings of George Sand.
5. Clough's Select Works;
6. Peabody's Sermons on Consolation;
7. Poetry and Imagination;
8. Critical Remarks on the Accounts of the Transfiguration;
9. Poetical Contributions;
10. Morell's History of the Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century;
11. Notices of Recent Publications;
12. Intelligence, &c. &c.

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A NEW ENGLISH PERIODICAL. The Howitts Journal, edited by Wm and Mary Howitt, No 1, for February, contains 6 Engravings. Among the contributors to the work will be many who take the highest rank as writers both in England and this country.

Terms $2,50 a year.

Also, just received, the January and February numbers of the Peoples Journal. This periodical is too well established to need commendation. It will retain nearly the whole of its old list of contributors with the exception of the Howitts.

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A new edition of the First Book for Sunday Schools. They are also publishers of Phillips's Service Book, two or three editions of which have already been called for. Also, Peabody's Scripture Catechism. They have also for sale all the other Manuals in use at the publishers' lowest cash prices.
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"In his own country he was better understood than Channing, and it is said in this biography, not in so many words, but by implication, that his personal influence was greater, whilst, in this country, with multitudes who never saw him, and who have but a very general knowledge of his writings, his name has long been associated with the image of whatever is pure, gentle, devoted, affectionate, commanding, and persuasive in a minister of Christ." [London Prospective Review.

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Leicester, Mass., Feb 20, 1847. tf

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[Extract from a letter by Rev. Dr. Francis, of Cambridge.]

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The Sea of Genius

POETRY.

CHRIST BETRAYED.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

Eighteen hundred years agone
Was that deed of darkness done;
Was that sacred, thorn-crowned head
To a shameful death betrayed,
And Iscariot's traitor name
Blazoned in eternal shame.
Thou, disciple of our time,
Follower of the faith sublime,
Who with high and holy scorn
Of that traitorous deed dost burn,
Though the years may never more
To our earth that form restore,
The Christ-Spirit ever lives,
Ever in thy heart He strives.
When pale Misery meekly calls,
When thy tempted brother falls
When thy gentle words may chain
Hate, and Anger, and disdain,
Or thy loving smile impart
Courage to some sinking heart;
When within thy troubled breast
Good and evil thoughts contest,
Though unconscious thou may'st be,
The Christ-Spirit strives with thee.

When He trod the Holy Land
With His small Disciple band,
And the fated hour had come
For that august martyrdom;
When the man, the human love,
And the God within Him strove,
As in Gethsemane He wept,
They, the faithless watchers, slept;
While for them he wept and prayed,
One denied, and one betrayed.

If to-day thou turn'st aside
In thy luxury and pride,
Wrapped within thyself, and blind
To the sorrows of thy kind,
Thou a faithless watch dost keep,
Thou art one of those who sleep.
Or, if waking thou dost see
Nothing of Divinity
In our fallen, struggling race,
If in them thou seest no trace
Of a glory dimmed, not gone,
Of a Future to be won,
Of a Future, hopeful, high,
Thou, like Peter, dost deny.
But if, seeing, thou believest,
If the Evangel thou receivest,
Yet if thou art bound to Sin,
False to the Ideal within,
Slave of Ease, or slave of Gold,
Thou the Son of God hast sold. [Tribune.

THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE.

BY G. W. PATTEN.

Brother! speak in whispers light,
'Tis my last—my last good night!
Never more our steps will stray,
Through the garden's scented way;
By the homestead of the bees—
'Neath the shady chestnut trees;
By the meadow's winding stream,
Glittering in the sunset beam;
Gentle Brother! smile and bless—
'Tis my last—my last caress.

Sister! with thine eyes of blue,
Hither come and weep "adieu!"
Let thy arm around me twine,
Let thy cheek repose on mine,
While I gaze into thy face,
Circled in this dear embrace;
Thou hast ever proved to me
All that love could wish to be;
Yet I leave thy heart alone—
Brother—Sister! bless your own.

Mother! thou hast rocked my head
Softly on my cradled bed;
When the storm was raging high,
Sweetly sung love's lullaby—
Yet I part—I part from THEE;
Who hence forth will sing to me,
When my forehead aches with pain?
I shall miss that early strain.
Mother! with thy accents mild,
Bless, oh! bless thy weeping child.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From Sharpe's Magazine.]

ISABELLA MORGAN; OR, RICH AND POOR.

It so happened, that Isabella Morgan, a girl of fourteen, although one of three daughters, was at this time her father's sole companion; and, delighted at all seasons to be with him, her pleasure in his society was still enhanced by a little feeling of pride that she was now really useful; and that on her punctuality and skill depended the comfort of his tea and breakfast, and that papa would be quite lonely without her all the evening. So impressed was she with her own responsibility for his amusement, or so eager to share all her thoughts and fancies with this kind and cheerful father, that he had seldom laid aside his pen or book for half a minute, before she would begin the recital of some morning's adventure, or open upon some astonishing subject with "Papa; wonder whether * * * * !" or, "Papa, don't you wonder why * * * * !" But her doubts and embarrasements were seldom very important or perplexing; the wonderment was spoken the moment it arose in her mind, and, if capable of any rational solution at all, was soon quieted by her father's sagacious replies. Not so on this present evening; daylight had faded away, though candles and tea-time had not arrived. Mr. Morgan laid aside his pen, and drew near the small summer-fire by which his daughter was seated on a low foot-stool, expecting from her some merry remark or grave surmise, as an introduction to their usual chat; but she seemed really considering some great matter, as a full minute passed, and yet she spoke not.

Mr. Morgan therefore roused her by begging, when her reverie was over, that he might be favored with knowing what opinion she had formed of men and manners.

"I was thinking of men, papa," she replied; "that is, of women, which is all the same, I suppose; and of their manners, too, or something more than manners. It has puzzled me very often lately; and I have tried not to think about it; but I went to Susan Parker's to-day, and talked to her and her sister, and it came to me again stronger than ever—I must tell you, and hear what you say about it;—but it is something so strange, it seems almost wicked:—Do you know, papa, I can't help thinking that the rich people are better than the poor!"

Mr. Morgan had had a harrassing day of business; he had just finished all the unpleasant letters which he was to send by to-morrow's post, and he knew he must devote two or three hours before bed-time to sermon-writing. He would therefore have been better pleased if his daughter's meditations had turned on her garden, or her pony, or her chickens; or even if she had desired to talk to him about her new straw bonnet, or on any other immaterial subject; for he had hoped to rest his mind as well as his eyes in this dim hour of twilight; and a little frivolous chat with those they love is the best refreshment to sensible hard-working men of busy habits. It is only those who lead idle lives, or whose daily employments bring with them no wear of intellect, who like, if they have any minds at all, to exercise them in serious discussion around their own fire-sides.

But Mr. Morgan saw that his daughter was deeply interested in the subject she had started; and he knew that often, when the young are eagerly seeking counsel or sympathy in their mental troubles, a cold rejoinder, or an ill-timed jest, will close up the open heart, which, half in pride and half in shame, resolves to make no more unvalued confidences. He therefore kindly prepared to follow his daughter's lead; but, not knowing how far she meant to push her reknowing how far she meant to push her researches this evening, he merely said, "My dear Isabella, they *are*, and they are *not*; the rich are seldom hung or transported for their crimes, but you must be aware of the difference of their temptations. Among the rich, I suppose, you would include such as ourselves, who inhabit two parlors and a study, and keep a pony carriage;—you mean, in fact, all who are above want, and who hold a place in society!"

Yes; Isabella meant to pass amongst the rich—her case otherwise would fall to the ground—so she agreed to be numbered amongst the wealthy, and thus proceeded:—

"I know, papa, that the poor have great temptations which we never feel; particularly as to dishonesty, and poaching, and drunkenness, and all those sort of things; and they have not such good examples and instructions as we have from their childhood; so our principles ought, of course, to be much better than theirs; and I am sure much more must be expected from us in many ways. But that is not what I mean; it seems to me they have not the same feelings and affections that we have; and that is what puzzles me:—natural affection, surely, ought to be the same in all—that cannot depend on education. Yet since I have seen more of the poor lately, now I am the only one at home, it does seem to me that they don't love their parents, and brothers, and sisters, as we do. that they are always thinking first of themselves, and are not at all ashamed of it; and it comes into my head very often, that they cannot be born with the fame feelings that we have, for our love comes so naturally; but then, again, it seems wicked to think we are really superior to the rest of our fellow-creatures because we are so fortunate as to be better off in the world. I wish I knew the truth!"

The tears that came into her eyes showed how seriously her mind was perplexed, and her father applied himself to satisfy her as well as he could:—

"There is nothing wicked in your feelings, my dear. The condition of the world, of ourselves, and our fellow-creatures, is a subject full of perplexities, daily and hourly increasing to a thoughtful disposition, which can only be solved in a spirit of faith and patience. The inequalities of our stations, when they first strike a young mind, appear an overwhelming difficulty. It is natural to feel, What am I, and what are my family and friends, that we should enjoy plenty and comfort, and leisure all day long to do what we please—amusement when we are well, and attendance when we are sick—while a much larger proportion of our fellow-creatures, by some of whom we are always surrounded, have none of these blessings in their full extent, and many are daily suffering from the want of all! But this view of the case is not exactly what you mean to bring before me now; though I dare say it is a thought that has often floated through your mind."

Isabella confessed that it had.

"You see," said her father kindly, "your difficulties are not so very strange and shocking, since I can guess at some without your telling me. But now let me hear what you met with particularly to-day at Susan Parker's to distress you more. She is a good, respectable young woman, and a favorable sample of her own class. She seems recovering now, and is getting over the loss of her baby, I hope?"

"Oh, yes," said Isabella, rather angrily, "she gets over *that* very well! You know, papa, her baby and Eliza's were born just at the same time, five weeks ago; and the day after Maria went away to stay with her, I walked up to Susan Parker's about the gruel and the baby-clothes, and she was very well, she said; and I saw her and her baby; and her sister from Cobden was come to nurse her. I thought how comfortable they must be together, for Maria was so delighted to go to Eliza, and I know the last time they wanted it very much, if you would have consented; and they were so glad when you said Eliza might have her now. And Susan Parker has two other little children nearly the same age of Eliza's; and, altogether, I thought it must be just as they were at Caldwell, only, of course, everything smaller and poorer; so I said to Susan Parker, 'How glad you must be that your father and mother can spare your sister to come to you now; I hope she will be able to stay a good while.' Mrs. Parker did not seem to think much of the pleasure of it, but she did say—' Yes, 'tis a very good thing as I can have her; I could not get along without somebody; and she's very handy, and it comes cheaper than a regular woman; but I hope by next week I shall be able to do without her.' I thought she was quite ungracious; but her sister did not appear at all hurt, and said she hoped so too, for she seemed getting on quite nicely; and so, I thought again, it must be only their way of wishing each other well. Now you know, papa, a few days afterwards poor Susan caught cold, and was dangerously ill, and in the middle of it her baby died, and I did not see them again till this morning, when you sent me about the broth. She was very weak and poorly, and was sitting by the fire, with a blanket wrapt around her; and her sister was there too. I did not mean to say anything about the baby, but she inquired after Eliza's; and when I told her it was very well, she said, 'I'm very glad of it; 'twould be a sad job, I dare say, for Mrs. Dawson to have lost it;' and then I said, I was very sorry for her, but I hoped she would not grieve much about it—without thinking what I was saying; and it struck me directly I was very unfeeling to talk in that way, when the poor child had not been buried a week. But she said directly, 'No, miss, I don't grieve for it now—it seemed hard to part with it at first—but the poor little baby is out of all its troubles, and, as my husband says, 'tis a folly to take on now—for God will provide for it better than we could. 'Taint the same with us as 'tis with gentlefolks.' To be sure, she seemed ready to cry; so perhaps she did feel more than she acknowledged:—but, as to her sister Sally, she said, downright, that 'twas a blessed thing when the poor baby was taken, for it was so terrifying the last two nights, nobody could get a wink of sleep. Well, after this, I scarcely knew how to talk to them; they took everything so differently from what I expected; but I thought I must be right at last, when I said to Sally, 'How very fortunate it was that you were not gone before Susan was taken so much worse—how sorry you would have been if you had left her too soon!' So Sally said directly, 'Yes, 'twas a very lucky thing for she, as the carrier could not take me the day before;—I don't know what she would have done, poor soul! I sat up with her three nights, and nobody to help me; but a neighbor, now and then, came in for an hour or so—and she was always wanting something or another! I've had no rest day nor night!—so many fancies to be sure! As soon as she'd got one thing, 'twer n't right—she must have something else! And one day she was not quite in her mind, and she kept calling out every minute to send for her husband;—she wanted *him*. "Lord bless you," says I, "Susan, do hold your tongue, and don't keep on so!—There's your poor husband 'as been up with you half the night, and now he's gone to his work, and who's to pay his wages if you sends for him home every minute!—I'm sure Farmer Curtis won't! And how are you to do without the money now, I should like to know—such an expense as 'tis with your illness day and night?'" So I heartened her up, what with one thing and another, and she's much better now, you see, miss, and only wants good living to come round again; and I hopes I shall get home next week, for I'm a'most worn out.' Well, just then, papa, she said she must go and see after the children in the lane, little troublesome things, or they'd be getting into mischief. So she ran out; and I felt glad she was gone, for I was quite disgusted with her; and I could not help observing to Susan that her sister seemed to want to get back very much; and Susan said she hoped, in another week, she would be able to do without her—'twas a great expense to have anybody for five weeks; and when people sat up, and worked so hard, they must have something more than common. I do assure you, papa, she seemed to think of the tea and sugar her sister drank more than anything else; and then she said that Sally wanted to get back, for she could not afford to pay her much besides her keep; and then I exclaimed, 'To be sure, you don't pay your own sister for nursing you!'—And she looked as much surprised at me as I was at her; and said: 'Oh, yes! she could not expect Sally to come for nothing; but 'twas n't much;' and then Sally came in again, thumping one of the children, which was roaring with all its might; and I felt so shocked with them, both for their selfishness and hardheartedness that I came away directly. Now, papa, how could I help comparing them with my own two sisters, who are just in the same situation!—Maria would think nothing a hardship, I am sure, if Eliza were ill like Susan Parker; and they are so delighted to be together, I am afraid Maria will scarcely like to come home again. I never used to think there was any goodness in being fond of one's own family: I supposed it was all natural—but it does not seem so with the poor people!—What can make the great difference, papa, which you must plainly see there is between us? Now only read, once more, part of Maria's last letter."

It began with the interesting details of Mrs. Dawson's convalescence, and thus went on:—"I am so delighted to be with dear Eliza, who says I am most useful to her, that I can never thank you enough for letting me come; and we both hope you will consent to my staying a fortnight longer. We spend our time so happily!—I am a great deal in her room, reading to her; and I nurse the baby very often; and when I am down stairs I have the two elder children, for their own nurse is gone home ill, and Eliza does not like them trusted entirely to Lucy, though she is very steady; and they are so good, they are no trouble. And I go to her school once or twice a week; and I have been very busy in the green-house with the gardener; and I order the dinner, and keep the accounts.—But, with all this, I have found time for riding; and I have been out most days with Mr. Dawson, on the nicest pony; and he shows me a beautiful country, and I have made some sketches near home; and now Eliza and I both go out in the open carriage, which we enjoy very much. We have not had any company, of course, only some of Mr. Dawson's family for a day or two; and when his sisters were here we had a great deal of music together. Eliza desires me to tell you she has had the toothache these last few days, and so she thinks she is entitled to keep me till it is gone: as you promised not to recall me till she was quite well again."

Mr. Morgan laid down the letter, and Isabella exclaimed—

"There, papa! don't you see the difference that I mean between my sisters and those two women in the lane?"

"I do see a great difference between them," replied her father, "greater, I think, than you yourself perceive; but, as you have been all day in an investigating mood, how has it escaped your penetration, that the difference of their situations is so entire as scarcely to afford any room for comparison between them? Both are staying from home, I grant you, with a married sister, but all the other circumstances of the case are so totally opposite, that I cannot imagine them to have one feeling in common."

"It seems they have not," replied Isabella; "but really, papa, I don't think the two cases can be so very different. I know Susan Parker and her sister have not the same luxuries that my sisters are enjoying, and they cannot spend their time in the same way; they have no carriage and no green house, and they can't read such interesting books as we do; but then, their own occupations, I suppose, are the same interest to them as ours are to ourselves; and I don't understand why the pleasure of being together again ought not to be as great in every rank of life. Then I was always told, that what we have never been accustomed to, we don't miss; and I have never pitied the poor for not having a carriage, and servants, and other comfortable things, any more than I have thought of pitying ourselves because we have not a lady's maid and a house-keeper, as many people have."

"Nor would I wish you," rejoined her father, "to expend your pity on either case. Those who have never enjoyed luxuries cannot, certainly, feel the want of them as much as those who lose them. The same may be said with respect to what we call common comforts, to which the cottagers have, at all times, a very scanty allowance; but there are privations and hardships which must be felt alike by all who are made of flesh and blood; and, under these trials, I grant you that the patience and temper of the poor generally give way; and their good offices, in a lingering illness, lose much of their value, in our eyes, by the ungracious manner in which they are often tendered; but these trials never fall with their full weight on the rich, as we have agreed to call ourselves; and we can claim no merit for carrying our small burdens more gracefully than they drag along their heavy load.—Sally told me nearly everything that you heard with so much displeasure; and allowing for a *brusquerie* of manner, I thought it all very reasonable, and was pleased with her as a sensible, active young woman; but, at your age, perhaps, I should have felt as you do. Her mother takes in washing, and the two women support themselves and the father entirely by it. Now Sally is the main stay, for the mother has bad health; and, whilst she is away, they must hire a woman twice a week to help. Mrs. Mills works very hard to get on with that: and both the daughters agreed she could not stand it long.—Susan Parker only pays her sister as much as they are obliged to give the washerwoman, that they may not lose every way. I am sure you will be glad to hear that she makes no profit from her nursing. Now what was Sally doing when you were there?"

"She was hard at work washing; and I have always seen her busy about something."

"Just consider, my dear Isabella, what sort of a visit hers has been. She has sat up night after night; and, at the best, has slept with her sister, and had her rest constantly broken by the sick woman, or the poor baby. Who do you think has dressed and looked after the other children—mended their clothes and their father's—got through their washing, cooked their victuals, and attended besides to the whims and fancies of a poor, half-delirious creature? She seems to have soothed her in a rough way, to be sure; but what time had she for the gentle humoring and management with which one lady might wait upon another? Besides all this, think of the constant attention to economy that is necessary—not to waste a spoonful of tea or a handful of coals—feeling, most likely, feverish and poorly herself, wanting better food than common, and knowing that her brother-in-law could hardly afford to keep her at all. Surely it is no disgrace to the poor girl, that she is quite tired out, and anxious to get away! Now as you insist on comparing them, let us consider what Maria has been doing at the same time."

"You will say, I know," interrupted Isabella, "that Eliza has not required the same nursing as Susan Parker, and so the case is different; but indeed, papa, I am sure Maria would have nursed her day and night if she had been very ill, and she would never have named her own fatigue, especially before Eliza; but she would not even have thought of it herself."

"I trust and believe that she would *not*," replied Mr. Morgan; "but our school of good manners is much stricter than theirs; such an outbreak of impatience as Sally Mills', from one lady to another, would be contrary to the habits and modes of proceeding which we have been trained to observe, and would therefore be felt by the invalid as an intentional cruelty. But it is not so with them; they are given to plain speaking, and accustomed to get and to take hard blows from each other; you did not think yourself that Susan seemed to feel her sister was unkind?"

"No; I can't say that I did; and that provoked me again—I thought she should have felt it."

Mr. Morgan smiled, and warned his daughter not to go to the cottage any more, or she would certainly set the sisters quarrelling in good earnest, whilst trying to teach them high notions of benevolence and fine feeling.

"But I cannot let you off," he continued, "about Maria. What have been *her* fatigues and privations? Perhaps she has sometimes been sitting in Eliza's room, when she would have preferred a walk, whilst the day was fine; but I am quite at a loss what greater inconvenience to surmise for her. Can you help me to think of any?"

Isabella was silent.

"Even if dear Eliza had been seriously ill, and had required her constant care, the trial would have fallen very far short of Sally Mills'. There would have been nurses to assist, servants to wait on the children, medical advice at all hours and no thought of economy in anything. But, as it is, what has Maria's been but one of uninterrupted pleasure—as I hoped it would be when she went? She has had leisure for reading, drawing, and music; and, when away from Eliza, a most agreeable companion in your brother-in-law, who always spoils you both. She is the sister and the guest, and so made more of than she can be at home. Besides, Mr. Dawson's establishment commands luxuries and elegancies which we cannot afford; and there is something in all that."

"Oh, papa, papa!" cried Isabella, almost in tears, "you don't think we care more about Eliza because she is richer? It is not for their horses, and carriages, and green house, that we like to go there! We should love them just as much if they were a great deal poorer than ourselves;—indeed, papa, you don't think very well of your own daughters!"

"My dear," said her father, "you mistake me. I think I have three very good girls, and I am truly thankful for the blessing. It is you who do not keep close to your own subject; we are comparing the two sisters, on your suggestion; I tell you I should never have thought of it—but since you bring them before me for judgment, I must declare that it is most unjust to condemn Sally because she does not act and speak like Maria. If your sister were to stay at Coldwell on the same terms for a twelvemonth, what would she have done that would equal Sally's exertions in her sister's cottage for one fortnight!"

Isabella had no reply ready for this searching question. She felt driven from the high ground whence she had been so anxious gracefully to descend, and the sensation was different. She was not sorry, though, to have the feelings of her poorer friends thus vindicated, and placed more on an equality with her own; and she was most vexed with herself for having thought a whole morning on the subject without having struck out what appeared now the plain truths of the case; but she still answered evasively, and in rather a mournful tone:—

"Then I suppose, papa, you think, that, if ever we were really tried with great fatigue, and anxiety, and poverty, as I know ladies sometimes come to be, we should lose our tempers, and get as snappish and impatient as Sally Mills!"

"No," said her father; "I should still hope better things of you. *You* are very young, my dear; but I see no reason to suppose that your character will be inferior to your sisters'; and of them I can say that their duties have not invariably been pleasant ones, for I have known their patience and temper tried at different times fully as much as is common at their age, and in their station of life; and I have had the happiness of seeing that, on the whole, they stood the trials well.

"I believe that those who show a conscientious regard to their duties in smaller matters, whatever they may be—for they cannot always be pleasant—will not be found wanting if the time of strong temptation or trouble should arrive. I have generally seen this to be the case; and most painful would it be to me to imagine my own daughters would prove an exception. But I wish to impress on you that we cannot be sure of ourselves; we cannot even be sure of those we love best, under circumstances of trial which have never yet been experienced. How Maria would act, if she and Eliza were suddenly reduced to a state at all resembling Susan Parker and her sister, we cannot therefore tell; and I hope we shall never know. But those who have been differently brought up from their birth have, by nature I would say, if it were not a contradiction, but have at least acquired from second nature, a courteousness of manner and a self-restraint quite unknown to the lower ranks. Part of what displeased you in these two women was, I grant, human selfishness undisguised by civility; but the greater part was only bluntness of speech, neither intended nor taken as offence.

"Has my explanation satisfied you, my dear Isabella, that we are not on all points so much better than our poorer fellow-creatures?"

Isabella declared that it had:—and so, relieved from the feeling of great moral superiority, which had been distressing her for some hours, she cheerfully began making tea, and the discourse wandered, as usual, into different channels.

H. W. BEECHER'S LETTERS TO YOUNG MEN.

The following is an extract under the head of "Six Warnings." The young should read and reflect.

"I warn you against thinking that riches necessarily confer happiness; and poverty, unhappiness. Do not begin life supposing that you shall be heart-rich, when you are purse-rich. A man's happiness depends primarily upon his disposition; if that be good, riches will bring pleasure, but only vexation, if that be evil. To lavish money on shining trifles, to make an idol of one's self for fools to gaze at, to rear mansions beyond our wants, to garnish them for display and not for use, to grin and chatter through the heartless rounds of pleasure, to lounge and gape, to simper and giggle; can wealth make vanity happy by such folly? If wealth descends upon you, does it confer happiness? It blights the heart, as autumnal fires ravage the prairies. The eye glows with greedy cunning, conscience shrivels, the light of love goes out, and the wretch moves amidst his coin no better, no happier, than a loathsome toad hopping in a mine of gold. A dreary fire of self-love burns in the bosom of the avaricious rich, as a hermit's flame in a ruined temple of the desert. The fire is kindled for no deity, and is odorous with no incense but only warms the shivering anchorite.

Wealth will do but very little for lust, but to hasten its corruption. There is no more happiness in a foul heart, than there is health in a pestilent morass. Satisfaction is not made out of such stuff as fighting carousals, obscene revelry, and midnight beastliness. An alligator gorging or swollen with surfeit and basking in the sun, has the same happiness which riches bring to the human brute, who eats to gluttony, drinks to drunkenness, and sleeps to stupidity. But riches indeed bless that heart whose almoner is Benevolence. If the taste is refined, if the affections are pure, if the conscience is honest, if charity listens to the needy, and generosity relieves them; if the public spirited hand fosters all that embellishes, all that ennobles society, then is the rich man happy.

On the other hand, do not suppose that property is a waste and howling wilderness. There is a poverty of vice—mean, loathsome, covered with all the sores of depravity. There is a poverty of indolence—where virtue sleeps, and passions fret and bicker. There is a poverty which despondency makes—a deep dungeon, in which the victim wears hopeless chains. May God save you from that! There is a spiteful and venomous poverty, in which mean and cankered hearts, repairing none of their own losses, spite at others' prosperity, and curse the rich—themselves doubly cursed by their own hearts.

But there is a contented poverty in which industry and peace rule; and a joyful hope which looks out into a world, where riches neither fly nor fade. This poverty may possess an independent mind, a heart ambitious of usefulness, a hand quick to sow the seed of other men's happiness, and find its own joy in their enjoyment. If a serene age finds you in poverty, it is such a wilderness in which God led his chosen people, and on which he rained every day a heavenly manna.

If God open to you the way of wealth, enter into it cheerfully; but remember that riches will bless or curse you as your own heart determines. But if circumscribed by necessity, you are still indigent, after all your industry; do not scorn poverty. There is often in the hut, more dignity than in the palace; more satisfaction in the poor man's scanty fare, than in the rich man's satiety."

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